The Saturday Evening Post

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2454.

DREAMING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The old man sits in the sunshine
  Of the dreamy golden day,
And hears the song of the reapers
  In the wheat-fields far away;
And the piping of quails in the meadow
  Comes up like a sweet refrain,
And he thinks, as he hears them calling,
  That it bodes of coming rain.

And he thinks, as he looks around him
  On the meadows wide and fair,
Of the time when no frosts of winter
  Clung fast to his shining hair.
And he dreams of the vanished brightness
  Of the sweet glad days of life,
When the world was all before him,
  With never a hint of strife.

He dreams of the sweet June evenings
  When, under the watching stars,
He whispered love's tender story,
  Close down by the orchard bars,—
To a maiden with cheeks like the roses,
  That grew by the mossy wall,
And he hears her low, soft answer,
  And the cricket's chirping call.

He dreams of his marriage-morning,
  And his cheek grows bright again;
He thinks of the white-haired preacher,
  Whose life was a sweet amen;
And again he stands at the altar,
  With her hand within his own,
And the solemn words are spoken,
  And their paths henceforth are one.

Then he dreams of the bright-eyed children
  Which came to their pleasant hearth,
And he thinks of the added sunshine
  Which came with each wee-one's birth;
Till his life grew full of brightness,
  That vanished in a breath,—
For a shadow fell over his threshold,—
  The gloom of his dear wife's death.

Again, in his dreams, she is dying,
  And he hears her gently say,—
"You will come to me, oh my husband,
  I will wait and watch alway."
And then from his dreams he waketh,
  And looks up to the skies,
Where he knows his dear one waiteth
  On the hills of Paradise.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

JASPER CAMERON'S EXPERIMENT.

Sometime before, Jasper Cameron had gone down the same path, softly whistling an air from Fra Diavolo. He had found a car at the right moment and was speedily whirled to New York. All the time he had been thinking intently, and a close observer might have remarked the perplexed lines visible on his brow, and appearing to change with every thought. Truth to tell, he was in a most anxious state of mind. To-day he must take a bold step in the dark.

He placed a curious reliance upon fate. He was a man to work with the most unscrupulous and unswerving fidelity while events were in his hands, but when he could no longer control them, he gave an indifferent nod around, as if he defied all the world, thinking since he could not help nor hinder, thousands of others were as impotent. The event would be unfolded presently, and he would stand ready to seize the most important fragment and give it his impress immediately. He was sure of one thing—Dora Tremaine would not go back to her husband, which, after all, was in his favor, as it hardly appeared probable that he could find her. If he could keep them apart for some time to come, it would be an advantage, for she, frightened and occupied with her own troubles would hardly think of anything beyond. And Mr. Tremaine was the kind of man to take a hard blow quietly—not run around the world showing his wounds.

"I'll see what can be done with Colby," he said to himself, after some fruitless wanderings about the city.

Mr. Leonard Colby was a lawyer by profession—but of late years he had taken to dabbling in stocks and real estate. His chief business room wore a brisk air with the two clerks who always had their hands full, and referred every chance comer to the inner office with an air that seemed to say that their very life depended upon the rapidity with which they went about their duties.

The second room was large, well lighted, and more orderly. Mr. Oldson, a thin, middle-aged man, who wore glasses and peered furtively over the tops of them, always sat

"THEN HE TILTED HIS CHAIR A TRIFLE AND LOOKED AS IF HE MEANT TO HAVE A LONG, COMFORTABLE CONFERENCE."

at a high desk, but turned quickly at every step, and seemed ever on the alert. It was his duty to attend to all customers except some one who had special business with his superior. Mr. Colby had a desk on the opposite side of the room, and you could generally find him here during business hours.

Cameron ran the gauntlet of the clerks and Mr. Oldson. Mr. Colby glanced up and nodded in a measured, as well as peculiar fashion. There was no frank welcome in his face, neither the kind of authoritative distance such men fall into the habit of using. It was rather as if he wished Cameron thousands of miles away, but had no power to send him there. Seeing it, the visitor smiled inwardly.

Mr. Colby was a man of fifty or thereabouts, moderately stout, well looking, with a high forehead, bald at the top. Both hair and beard, which had been rather sandy in their prime, were now well grizzled, but inclining to yellow, not the patriarchal snowy tint. His features were regular, somewhat delicate indeed, his upper-lip very short and curved in a peculiar manner. It gave the whole face an expression of weakness, as if he might be easily overcome by any powerful temptation. And yet on the whole, Mr. Colby stood very fair with his fellow men. A good, hearty, honorable person, who had prospered deservedly. Now and then he drove a hard bargain, but he took good care that it should be in a quarter where it would not affect his reputation.

"Good-morning," Cameron said jauntily.

Colby motioned him to a seat, returning the salutation in a most courteous manner.

"Fine day," Cameron began, glancing out of the window nonchalantly, and yet not a movement of the other's face escaped him.

"Yes. Any news?"

There was a studied indifference in Colby's tone, and he took up some papers as if he was about to look them over.

Cameron gave a light, meaning laugh that grated on his listener's ears.

"Yes, news in abundance, but maybe you won't think it of the right sort." Then he tilted his chair a trifle and looked as if he meant to have a long comfortable conference.

Mr. Colby glanced furtively at Mr. Oldson. Now he did not mean that his book-keeper should hear one word of the conversation, but he wished to convince Mr. Cameron that all the world might listen with impunity. Of course he failed altogether.

"Well," Cameron said, with another irritating laugh, "I suppose settlements will be forthcoming at the right date. I was proposing to Mrs.—"

Colby started suddenly.

"I think we will take the private office, Mr. Cameron. Oldson, I don't want to be interrupted."

This was such an ordinary occurrence, that Oldson bowed without raising his eyes from the ledger. But Mr. Colby, nervous and ill at ease, felt afraid that every act had a prominent significance that might one day be brought against him.

The private office was a very cosy little place, containing a leathern covered lounge and reclining chair. Jasper Cameron took the former. It was his principle to enjoy all the ease he could find in this life. Mr. Colby indulged in several turns across the room with his hands clasped behind him. His visitor seemed in no haste to break the silence.

"Cameron," he began at length, "is your—is—Mrs.—"

"The wife of two husbands, you mean. I suppose she is really *Mrs. Cameron*. My claim is first and strongest, and I mean to enforce it."

There was a look about the man's face that was not pleasant to behold.

"Is she in the city?"

"She is. Since Tuesday she has been in my keeping."

"And does she mean— I would like to see her, Cameron."

The younger laughed again.

"If I produce her before the first of September, it will be in sufficient time."

Colby's face changed from pale to red. If he could only know just where his adversary meant to strike! He sat down, but moved about uneasily, debating how he could best make Cameron show his hand.

Suddenly the other started up.

"Colby," he said, "we may as well be fair and honest with each other. You have a great deal at stake, so have I, only I cannot lose anything, and with you it is—ruin!"

That smile was enough to madden any one!

"Mr. Cameron, you jump at conclusions."

"Not without some authority, it must be confessed. We have been beating about the bush, trying to make each other commit himself, and the result is we stand about where we did a fortnight ago. I will tell you what I *know*. This trust was confided to your care by a dying man, who at the last moment, verifying the old adage that blood is thicker than water, left his property to a graceless son whom he had previously discarded, or to *his heirs*, should there be any. The lawyer who drew up the will was the old man's most intimate friend, and if, after using every effort to find the heirs they were not forthcoming, in a certain number of years the trust lapsed to the lawyer. He did take considerable trouble in the beginning, but presently became quite well satisfied that they were dead, and as was but natural, looked upon himself as sole possessor of this fortune. We will suppose that he has used it conscientiously, making the most of it, and yet, it has given him a certain power and position. People think him a rich man. He supports his family in handsome style, enjoys the good things of this world and the esteem of his compeers. But it is undeniably true that as a poor man he must lose much of this prestige. Now the lost heir has come to light. If, on or before the third day of September, he is able to pay over principal and interest, all may be well with him. The heir might demand the profit he has made by fortunate investments, but she, or they, will be satisfied with legal interest."

Leonard Colby's face had grown grayer and grayer. He felt that he was in the grasp of a hard enemy, for all the graceful and smiling exterior.

"You may as well confess, Colby, that it would ruin you to pay this sum."

"It will," he said hoarsely. "If you want the confession, take it. Nay, worse still, it will leave me in debt. I have not been as fortunate as you think."

"In debt." Cameron whistled a stave of music low and thoughtfully. "Why did you send for Mrs. Tremaine?" he asked at length.

The lawyer's face flushed, and he cast a sudden, questioning glance upon his adversary.

"Yes, I know that. There is very little concerning her but what I have learned, or can learn. She is *my* wife, you remember."

"Tremaine won't give her up!" the lawyer said defiantly. "When a man of his stamp marries a poor young girl, you may be sure there's love at the bottom of it."

"She was by no means beggarly. Her uncle left her some ten or twelve thousands. Why were you so anxious to see her?"

Colby was silent.

"Your note went safely enough. She came to New York, but I was waiting at the depot. There was a pretty surprise, to be sure, but I found her quite tractable."

"Has she seen Tremaine?"

"She has not. You may imagine that the pretty little lady feels that she is in something of a difficulty. As for Tremaine—" and Cameron snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"Doesn't he know?"

"He does. I proposed to Madame Dora that we should both make him a call, but she declined. This morning I had the honor of an interview, during which I explained to him the exceedingly delicate position of the lady, and also that I did not intend to relinquish my claim."

"What does she say? Cameron, it isn't at all possible that she can give up Tremaine without a struggle, and go back to a man who has—"

"Well, out with it—a man who had the misfortune to be cast away among savages and reported dead; and who, from one cause or another has failed to put in an appearance until this present time. Of course she was surprised. I stated my intentions, as I had the law on my side. She saw the utter impossibility of returning to Mr. Tremaine, as she had very discreetly kept this episode of her earlier marriage to herself. We have not settled upon all our plans yet. Colby, there's a suggestive and tempting fragrance of cigars about this little den. You won't object to my smoking."

He lighted his cigar in a dainty, indifferent manner, and puffed out a slight blue wreath of smoke.

"Cameron, I believe you are the devil!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow, but I am minus the horns and hoofs as yet. And now, if it is not impertinent, may I inquire if you had any special business with Mrs. Tremaine?"

"I must see her, of course. She must prove her identity before her claim is acknowledged."

"After the confession I have produced, and the witnesses I can bring, there can be no question raised, I think. But you shall see her. The day on which I bring her I shall commence proceedings, but I will not be hard upon you, Colby. You shall have a few weeks in which to make the change gracefully."

The lawyer groaned. All this time his enemy had been eyeing him warily, feeling a sort of mental pulse and watching for an auspicious moment.

"It *will* be a hard thing, Colby, I feel half tempted to give you a chance."

Colby seemed to grasp at some help instinctively.

"Yes, I could do it very easily," in a musing manner as if to himself. "I'm not sure but it would be better all round."

The strain was telling severely upon Mr. Colby. His eyes had a filmy, bloodshot look, and his face was absolutely growing haggard. Jasper Cameron enjoyed all these marks of anguish with a peculiar zest, wondering how much longer the man's strength would sustain him. He would have made an admirable judge of the inquisition, and delighted in fine, keen tortures.

"Cameron, I'll tell you the truth. I wanted to see her to bespeak her sympathy. It isn't an easy matter for a man of my age to give up every dollar and begin the world anew. If I stood alone, but I've a wife and children. And if she would—give me a little time—if there could be some partial compromise for the present—"

"My dear fellow, you should have come to head-quarters at once."

This insolent patronage was most aggravating. Colby felt tempted to order him out of the office, then he remembered that he was at Cameron's mercy.

"Yes. Make your proposals to me. Mrs. Tremaine doesn't know a syllable of the affair."

Leonard Colby started in surprise.

"It is in my hands altogether. Every paper, every vestige of proof. If I chose I could extinguish Dora Tremaine's claim like that;" and he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar.

Colby pressed his hand to his throbbing temples. If the claim *could* be extinguished.

"After all," he said, "as to Mrs. Tremaine, she was in very comfortable circumstances. Tremaine will be a rich man."

"Yes." Cameron knew the subtle temptation was working. "I don't know but I've made a dolt of myself. Ten chances to one if she will be grateful to me when it is all through. Working for nothing isn't to my taste."

"She doesn't love you, Cameron?"

"Well, it is not to be expected that she would in three days' time. She was frantic enough as a girl, though, and perhaps I can kindle the old embers into a flame when she finds that her wings are clipped."

"I don't know what arts you used then, Cameron, but I should pity the woman who was in your power now."

"Well, Dora Tremaine is. What will you offer me to let my bird go?"

There was a diabolical, sneering smile on the handsome face that made Colby shudder.

"No, Cameron, I won't wrong a defenceless woman."

"Virtuous, eh? Very well. I've been thinking if anybody would buy me off, and possibly *she* might, but in that case she would want about all her fortune, I'd take my part and go into a strange land. Riotous living isn't much of a bugbear to me. I take it rather easy."

"You don't mean, Cameron—"

"I mean that for a sufficient compensation I would destroy the proofs I hold, securely enough."

"And you propose that I shall buy them?"

"Yes, for kindlings. A jolly fire they would make. Just as you like, however. I'm safe enough either way."

"Suppose Mrs. Tremaine refuses to live with you, and prefers taking care of her fortune herself?"

"I shall make my bargain beforehand. And if I cannot beguile her with my winning tongue, I may be able to offer her an inducement in the shape of freedom. If I chose to oppose, it would be very difficult for her to obtain legal liberty. And I shall if it suits me. I think I could play the devoted and distressed lover to perfection."

Colby felt that he hated the man. "I'm sorry Mrs. Tremaine is in your power," he replied with a fervent sincerity.

Cameron laughed again.

"Well," he said, "if you are so interested in her behalf, buy me off. She can get a divorce quietly and re-marry Tremaine, and there will be no great harm done. I wish I'd thought of that before. However, time is up. I have another engagement, so I'll drop in again in the course of a day or two, and if you insist then upon my producing proofs and heir, I'm at your service."

With this he nodded carelessly to Colby and sauntered out. He gave Oldson a sort of familiar stare, and went gayly down the steps, emerging into the narrow street.

"I think the thing will work," he said to himself exultantly.

CHAPTER VI.

A TEMPTATION.

Left to himself, Leonard Colby glanced furtively around, as if to make certain that he was quite alone. Then he unlocked a drawer to which he never allowed any other person access, and took out a small memorandum book. Page after page was covered with fine figures. Ten days ago he had computed them for the first time. Ten days! It seemed years instead.

He went over them carefully now. No mistake. Everything was exact to a farthing. Then he looked at the aggregate in dismay, and groaned. Everything swept away!

When he undertook this trust he did not believe there could be a claimant. Giles Walsingham's son had married to be sure, though as the woman was not one to be proud of, the fact had at first been denied. A handsome, indolent, graceless fellow, disinherited by his father, rambling off no one knew whither, and whether dead or alive, none could tell. He had quarrelled with his spirited wife, and she had taken their child into her sole care and keeping. Once Giles found her and made overtures—that she should give up the child, a bright, engaging boy, but she refused utterly. Shortly afterward she announced to him that she had become the mother of a second child, and from that time he never heard a word.

Old Giles lived a miser, but at his death ties of blood re-asserted their sway. Leonard Colby had gained a peculiar influence over him, was in fact his one friend, so he left his fortune in trust for these grandchildren if they could be found. If no one appeared to claim the fortune, it was to revert to the lawyer.

Colby had endeavored earnestly in the beginning to discover these missing heirs, not because he was so anxious for their appearance—he was appointed their guardian as well, but he did want to be assured that no one had a claim to interfere with his. He looked at it with longing eyes, though he meant to be honest and upright and restore to the uttermost.

As years passed on possession grew into a certainty. He began to use the money for his own convenience and advancement. It

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

was a fine thing to be a prosperous man. He built a handsome house, gave several elegant dinners in the course of the season, and allowed his wife many expensive indulgences. He had a good deal of pride and liked to see his wife the centre of an admiring group; besides, it pleased him to be praised for his good taste, his wines, and his horses. He was a man of note, and he found others deferring to him as if they placed the greatest confidence in his judgment.

The principal, it is true, was in different investments, comparatively untouched, and yielding a very fine income. He had been allowed a certain sum each year for the care and trouble it might cause him; but feeling so sure of it all, he had gone on spending the profits as fast as they accrued. Had this trust been taken out he would have proved only a moderately successful man, without the ability to indulge in palaces or costly dinners. Set aside this sum with the accumulated interest, and it swallowed everything he had.

He had treated Jasper Cameron's story at first as a pure myth, but the claimant had produced indisputable proofs. With all his swagger and insolence, Cameron was not one to be lightly bullied. He kept to his point in a most convincing manner, and Colby really dared not bring it to an open issue at present.

In three months more his right would have been beyond question. What evil fate had brought this man back just now! Turn wherever he would, ruin stared him in the face.

True, Cameron had half proposed a compromise. Would Mrs. Tremaine care for this fortune when it was to blight her whole life? He had met Tremaine in a business way, and seen his wife a few times in society, and they appeared to him a very happy couple. Doubtless she *could* obtain legal freedom in spite of Cameron, but it would be a hard battle, bringing them both into unenviable notoriety, and perhaps *not* enabling her to live honorably with Tremaine. Was not her case worth considering?

His plan had been to see her alone and inform her of the fortune in a manner that would reflect much credit upon himself, and enlist her sympathy. He proposed to array her against their mutual enemy, Cameron, and if she had any gratitude, she could not be hard upon him. This had looked very fair as he thought it over, but fate had intervened and thrown her into Cameron's hands, or she had gone there herself. She might have an old penchant for her first lover. Cameron had proposed that they should come together, but Colby had put off the interview, hoping in some manner to outwit his adversary.

He was not sure but that it would be the best move to go at once to Tremaine and explain the whole matter. If, in most cases, people did not fancy their intricate judgment so much superior to plain, straight forward truth, how much it would simplify all our dealings. We get confused in an endless mass of plans and doubts, in the vain endeavor to find an easier path out of the difficulty. And as Mr. Colby thought of this, there was also the phantom of irremediable loss, which he shrank from with weakness and bitterness of soul.

He returned to the main office about noon. Oldson took his hat and went out for some lunch. *He* did not want any, and yet he felt sick and faint. His usually keen mind seemed wandering in every direction, and those figures he had been computing danced before his eyes in grotesque shapes. Ruin! It was not a pleasant thought. Perhaps it would be best to temporize awhile. At the last he could but give up everything.

It was a trying, wearisome day. Mr. Colby went home early, for he began to hate the sight of every object in the office. He stopped a horse car, for the day was warm, and he felt exceedingly tired.

A friend nodded to him from the opposite side, and as there was plenty of room, came over and took a seat beside him.

"So, Mortimer's gone under!" was the remark, after a few common place sentences.

"No! has he? Poor fellow!"

Mr. Colby experienced a strange sympathy with the ruined man.

"Yes—but I don't know that he deserves any one's pity. I wish there was a public sentiment strong enough to hold such men guilty of actual crime. Now here is Mortimer with liabilities between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, and assets that probably will not cover five thousand. In tight times, when a man has loss upon loss, and fate makes a dead set against him, there seems some excuse—but in this case, it's a positive swindle. We might have been in for a considerable amount, but I took good care of that. I had a suspicion that things were going that way."

"But what happened?"

"Oh, nothing. Two years ago Mortimer's credit was first rate. I thought him one of our most promising young business men. Then he married that Miss Wylie, with a pretty face and no brains, and they started off at a high rate. Of course he knew he couldn't afford a fast horse and all manner of luxuries, and that they must be had out of other men's money. So he's had them, and now his friends must pay the piper. He ought to be sent to the State Prison."

"You're hard on him, Tilden."

"But it's a simple matter of right and justice. You and I have worked hard for our money, Colby, and we didn't come to a grand house and all that until we could afford it. We don't make a great show on borrowed capital that we know we can never pay. There's too much of this in the world. For one man who fails through misfortunes that cannot be averted, there are twenty that do it through downright dishonesty. When a man is spending a dollar that doesn't belong to him, and that he does not know how to replace, he is a rogue. We complain a good deal about looseness in financial matters, and then slip over the doings of such fellows as Mortimer. It's a shame, I say—and I'm resolved to call things by their right names. Why, I'd as soon a man would put his hand in my pocket, as to get my money any other way, when he knows he can't pay it."

Mr. Tilden had talked himself out of breath and red in the face. Mr. Colby listened with a shivering sensation, for Tilden was one of his warmest friends. Yet he had been spending the money of others, doing the thing that all upright men must condemn.

"You don't look very well, Colby."

And the other gave him an anxious glance.

"No, I—that is—I've been very busy, and have a headache," and Colby dropped his eyes. Not because of the excuse, for it was true enough, but he had a miserable, guilty feeling.

"You take it rather hard. You ought to go off somewhere with your family and have a rest; for, Colby, I think such steady going old chaps as we, are sorely needed amongst the fast and loose players of the present day; so it will hardly do for us to wear out."

Mr. Colby gave a sickly smile.

"Gad! When I think of all the dishonesty and villainy there is in the world, I'm glad I have no son to disgrace me. Young men are risky property."

Mr. Colby was glad to reach his journey's end. Generally he enjoyed Tilden's brisk, clever, and far-sighted talk—to-day it almost drove him wild.

He had a square or two to walk, and the shade was cooling and graceful. Yes, this was a handsome house, brown-stone, rich, and all its appointments in keeping. It had a good, solid look. How could he exchange it for a common place in some inferior street, full of wagons, dirt, and brawling children. Poor folks had not much choice, they must live as they could.

Here was the vestibule with cool marble tiling, rosewood doors and ground glass. And here the hall with its soft carpet, the broad staircase, the spacious parlors, the inviting looking library. From the luxurious tete-a-tete sprang up a bright, eager girl, who clasped her arms around his neck.

"Oh, papa, how nice of you to come home so early! Mamma's gone out, though. Mrs. Ayrault was here to lunch; and, papa, she wants us to join with her and take a lovely cottage at Lake George. There's so little style and refinement about watering places now, unless you can have your own place, except for a week or two at Newport. But the Murrays and the Treadwells are going to Lake George, and they're very aristocratic."

Mr. Colby sighed a little.

"What's the matter?—are you not well? You look tired to death. Papa, are you not rich enough to give up business?"

"Hardly, my darling, unless we retire on cottage fare."

"Well, I don't like that, except Lake George, a little while in the summer. Papa, Arthur was here this morning." And with that Isabel Colby blushed.

"Well—did you repent?"

"No, papa." The blushes grew deeper. "It's settled finally. He is to start for Europe on the first day of September, Wednesday that is. And now, papa, that you're going to have me only three months longer, hardly that, you must be ever so good to me."

He kissed her fondly. He did love his bright, winsome darling.

"What can I do for you?" he said involuntarily.

"Just now I think we will go out and take a drive. It will do you a world of good. I'll order the horses and go for my hat, while you rest a bit."

She danced away, sweet tyrant that she was. He threw himself into an easy chair, glancing at her future. She was to make a very brilliant marriage shortly. He could not accuse Arthur Harleigh of being mercenary in the slightest degree, but he knew that Isabel in any inferior station would never have met and attracted such a man. She loved him very dearly. For her sake he would like all things to go on smoothly. Then there were four younger ones, his two boys of whom he was so proud, his sweet Nelly, and gay, sparkling Leonore, who was worthy of as fair a fate as her sister. And yet he must plunge them all into the depths of trouble and despair.

Isabel returned presently, looking very lovely in her dainty hat and elegant carriage shawl, that fell around her shoulders like a delicate cloud. She was so tender and attentive that every moment her father's heart smote him the more bitterly. Could he have helped the misfortune even years ago? He might steadily have kept to his own income, and living in a moderate way there would be no great sacrifices to make when the day of reckoning came.

Isabel chatted in her pretty girlish fashion of her lover and many little plans. What if the dreams never came true? It would be dastardly in a man to break his troth plight with a girl for such a cause, yet hundreds of men had done it since the world had stood. Mrs. Harleigh was exceedingly proud and aristocratic; and possessed great influence over her son.

During the evening the plan of their summer flitting was discussed. Mrs. Colby had long since ceased to consider a little expense more or less. The children must have some country recreation, they all needed a pleasant home, and this cottage plan would give them the desired seclusion. They would shop and take with them a seamstress, while the dresses could be left at Madame Moreau's, so Isabel's trousseau would be in process of completion.

Mr. Colby listened. That he could do anything besides listen and assent, never once entered his wife's mind.

"I don't see why you might not as well spend a month with us," she said when her own plans had been explained. "You are looking quite worn, and need some rest. I don't see any use of men, when they are in comfortable circumstances, working away the best years of their lives."

"Oh, papa, that will be delightful!" exclaimed Isabel, warmly. "We do not know when we can all be together again, and this summer ought to be very, very happy."

"I trust it will prove so to you all," he replied, rising and kissing her, for it seemed as if listening to their dreams of the days to come would drive him wild. They knew nothing of the horrible ruin staring him in the face. How *could* he tell them?

Oh, if there could be some compromise! If one felt sure that this Dora Tremaine was the grandchild of Giles Walsingham; but although there was sufficient legal proof, *he* did not feel convinced. The law would in all probability declare her the heir, and hand her over to the tender mercies of Jasper Cameron.

Surely he had a right to do the best he could for himself, and just now he felt like making a hard fight of it. Cameron meant to look out for self. Little did he care for Dora Tremaine's welfare; but there might be something that he, Colby, could do for her. His conscience told him that the most honorable course would be to go to Ralph Tremaine at once, but fear determined him toward another interview with Jasper Cameron.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Georgia proposes a canal across the state, 200 miles long, connecting the Altamaha and Tennessee rivers. It can be built for $5,000,000.

☞ Cicero made the following wise remark:—"As I approve of the youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers so long as we have them.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN THE TERRITORY OF ALASKA, and in various other parts of the North Pacific. By FREDERICK WHYMPER. With map and illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE; A General Description of the country and its inhabitants; its civilization and form of government; its religious and social institutions; its intercourse with other nations; and its present condition and prospects. By the Rev. JOHN L. NEVINS, ten years a Missionary in China. With a map and illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, March, 1869. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, March, 1869. Published by Field, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. February, 1869. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE GALAXY. March, 1869. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. March, 1869. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

☞ A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor:—"Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

☞ Oysters are adulterated by soaking them in a solution of soda, which swells them to a very tempting size.

Young Men are Responsible!

"Indeed!" I think I hear some young man say, indignantly. "What have *we* got to do with women's dress? What do *we* care about the fashions?"

I do not maintain that you take any direct interest in them, but it is certain that you do influence the prevailing mode much more than you are aware of.

It is true that whenever you come across a close column of dressmaker's jargon, headed "Paris Fashions," in your daily newspaper, you skip it for something else. You would as soon think of reading an essay in a language unknown to you as undertake to meddle with a "fashion" article; whereas a woman at once plunges, heart and soul, deep into the mysteries of that very column, to the utter oblivion of foreign and domestic news, poetry and romance. And somehow, by a mysterious law of attraction, she at once singles out that especial article, no matter how unobtrusively it may appear, or how unlikely to be seen by ordinary eyes.

The word "Fashions" will hold a congregation of women in breathless expectancy when literature, art, or science fails to awaken any interest. Many a woman is too dull or too lazy to care for the last new poem or novel, but she is never too dull nor too lazy to read a fashion report.

While so well understood is it that men have no decided tendencies towards that sort of literature, that, in order to get them to read anything upon this topic, it has to be headed "Fashions for Gentlemen;" and even then it fails to attract. But the ladies gobble up articles on fashions for themselves and fashions for gentlemen with unsatisfied avidity, and are always asking for "more."

All of which is not explaining in what manner young men are responsible for the dress and deportment of young women.

I am coming to that.

But first, what do you suppose induces this inordinate fondness of woman for spending so much of her time and thoughts upon the science of dress, to the exclusion of higher and better things?

I reply, that it springs from her desire to appear to the greatest advantage in the eyes of man—to charm his passion for novelty, which she instinctively recognizes—to cause him to regard her with a re-awakened admiration when his attention is beginning to flag. A man seeing a woman always in one dress of the same color, gradually associates her with that dress and that color—becomes accustomed to her as he does to a piece of furniture, or a picture too often looked at. Another woman, in quite a different style and color of dress, comes along and startles him into admiration. The charm of novelty enhances her attractions in his eyes. Women, instinctively aware of this, are forever challenging men's attention by new devices in dress. The wish to be beautiful is one of the very strongest desires of a woman's nature. It is stronger than any except one other, and that other is the desire to be beloved by man.

Why does she wish to be beautiful? *It is that she may be beloved by man.* These two desires are at the root of all that a woman says, does and thinks, while in her first youth; and to a great extent they influence the whole of her after life. In general it is only when she has been disappointed and saddened, and made practical by a hard struggle with life, that she turns her thoughts to more intellectual things, and lives more with her mind and less with her heart, if she is a married woman, or a woman without children.

It is the same with man. When he is very young he is thinking of fame and fortune; but what is it for? In nearly every instance there is a woman in the case. It is for *her* that he wants to be great and brave and rich—that she may love him, and that he may care for her—just as *she* wishes to be beautiful and attractive, that he may love her and admire her. This is the epitome of the life of young manhood and of young womanhood; and that a young woman should think it is her business to be beautiful is perfectly right and legitimate, provided that she does not get a wrong idea of the means to be taken to make herself so. And what if young manhood, who is her judge and criterion in this matter, is the first to give her a wrong idea of the way of going about it?

Young men, do you ever thing of it, when you take your sisters and sweethearts to the opera and the theatre, and when you indulge loudly in praises of some favorite actress's dress or manner, and plainly show by your enthusiasm that you admire that style or this most? Don't you know how quick those girls are to take a hint? Are you surprised, after that, to find them parading the streets in tight military jackets—*a la Grand Duchesse*—and wildly frizzled hair and piquant little caps—a la Tostee? And aren't there some among them who even secretly wish, in their simplicity, that they might dance the *Can-Can*, seeing how you admire Tostee in it? Yes! that is the way young womanhood becomes perverted in its tastes first, and in its ideas afterwards. It is from, sometimes consciously and at other times unconsciously, shaping themselves upon the favorite tastes of young men in dress and deportment. You know very well in your hearts that virtue is above rubies, and that modesty is a pearl of great price; but for all that, in a ball-room you crowd around the girl who dresses in the most marked and extravagant manner, and who carries off her conspicuous toilette by an air of self-assertion, and an *aplomb* which nothing can daunt. You preach quietness, simplicity, and good breeding to your sisters and sweethearts, and you bluster if they show a bit of their shoulders above the rim of their dress waists; and then you turn around and pay especial court to the most *decolletee* woman in the room—do homage to the keen eye, the readiest tongue, the most unscrupulous repartee—and then you are indignant to see that your womankind are trying, as in them lies, to imitate that very woman in what you have so much admired!

Now, if you don't want them to imitate her, you ought not to admire her so openly—for whatever you admire they will pattern by.

So, young gentlemen, you in a great measure are responsible for the present extravagant state of the "fashions." Some of you admire them, doubtless, and consider the prevailing mode as quite the correct thing; but there may be others among you thoughtful enough to reflect on the evils that lurk beneath the gaudy and bedizened surface of the present style. It is not exactly that immoderately high-heeled boots deform and weaken the feet—nor that the evil of tight lacing is coming back—nor that the Grecian bend ruins the spine—nor that the dishevelled hair, streaming on the wind, is not in good taste for civilized women—nor that a profuse display of tinsel ornaments is barbaric. But there is cause for sorrow when we have no means, so far as dress is concerned, of discriminating between a respectable but fashionably attired woman and a courtezan; since the one has assumed all the trappings and the meretricious adornments and the tricks in dress for showing off her person, and drawing attention to it on the street, which, a few years ago, were considered the exclusive property of the other.

It is, further, because these gew-gaws are usurping the whole of the time and attention of young women. It takes them all their time to plan out their new costumes, go shopping in search of the materials for them, and a thousand other trifles that go to the make-up of a *toilette a la mode* of to-day, to fit their dresses, make and try them on and flaunt around in them. That is not quite the sort of a wife a young man just beginning life needs. But just so long as you leave quiet, sensible, and unpretending girls uncavaliered in a corner, while you are showing your unequivocal preference for the "Girl of the Period" type; so long as a young lady's proficiency in the *deux temps* is her best passport to your favor; so long as you make it your pride to give the preference to those among your lady friends whose walking costume is the loudest, whenever you are seen on the street with a lady; so long as you show, by your manner and actions, that dash, flashiness in dress, forwardness in manner and speech, and superficiality generally, are the things that take most with you, just so long you will have to reap a crop of your own sowing—a crop of tares and noxious weeds, in which there shall not be anything that truly delighteth the heart of man.—*Packard's Monthly.*

[NOTE.—We publish the above for the amount of truth that is in it, while we consider some of its statements greatly exaggerated. We think that women dress far oftener to excite the admiration or the envy of other women,—and to please their own sense of what is grand, distinguished and imposing—than the writer of the above has any idea of. Half the time a new fashion will be met by an almost universal burst of ridicule from gentlemen, and yet the ladies will adopt it in spite of the ridicule even of the men they like best. In truth, ladies fear the eyes of other ladies far more than the eyes of gentlemen—holding that the latter as a class know very little and care less about dress, but that it is their sister woman who is to be feared. Every one has noticed the cool stare with which women who are dressed richly and in the fashion, will often greet the poor unfortunates who are not. In short, we consider the responsibility of young men for the follies of young ladies both in dress and behavior, greatly overstated in the above article. The way that some moralists have of talking, giving woman credit for all her virtues, and blaming man for all her faults and vices, is neither true in itself, or calculated to improve the sex. And men have quite enough of their own sins to answer for, without being made to shoulder besides all those of women.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The Philadelphia Park.

The Commissioners of Fairmount Park have made and published their first annual report. The Park is to extend from the southeast corner of Fairmount and the "Wire Bridge," on both sides of the Schuylkill to the crossing of the Wissahickon, at Ridge avenue, above the "Falls" bridge, and will embrace 2,240 acres, or what, if enclosed within a rectangle, would be equal to a plot three and a half miles long by one mile in width. As the real boundary, however, is irregular, following to some extent the windings of the Schuylkill and the old lines of some of the properties purchased, its extreme length is greater, and its average width much less than the dimensions just given. The total length of the outside boundary line, as stated in the report, is fifty-three thousand feet, or a fraction over ten miles in length. Through the whole of this grand stretch of land the Schuylkill winds, with its sweeping curves, skirted by beautiful bluffs and knolls.

It lies in the lap of the valley like a lake, affording magnificent views at every turn, and what is more immediately to the purpose of the Park, it presents under the handiwork of nature all the facilities for boating and water diversions of every kind, which Parks less favorably situated have to work out at great expense, and then can never rival this. Along the four or five miles of the Schuylkill included in the Park, there are now six bridges spanning the river, three of them being very beautiful in their architecture. In course of time there will be at least a dozen, in comparison with which the tasty little affairs in the New York Central are little things indeed. The "river drive," from Coates street to Wissahickon, across the river and down along the west bank to the Wire Bridge will be fully ten miles, and every foot of it amidst scenery of unsurpassed beauty in a city park. No need for planting trees here, or making artificial undulations of the surface for picturesque effect, or for excavating artificial lakes, or manufacturing rills and brooks where none existed before.

Nature has done all this, ready to our hand, and done it in a way that sets aside all necessity for improvement in these respects. All this comes to us, too, adorned with forest trees of the old growth, singly in some places, in clumps and clusters in others, and in many places expanding into natural woods and forests. The trees of large size, varying from eighteen inches to *twenty-seven feet in girth*, number no less than thirty-four thousand seven hundred, and embrace thirty-nine genera and sixty species. The trees of less size number nearly eighty thousand, with nearly two hundred thousand hard wood shrubs and vines, making an aggregate of more than three hundred thousand perennial plants, for the study of our young and old botanisers, independently of the field herbage and wild flowers.

This briefly is Fairmount Park, as devoted to the uses and recreation of the public.

☞ The Saturday Evening Post is and has long been considered one of the best standard illustrated and literary papers in this country. It is always packed full of choice reading matter, and rich in pictorial embellishment. There is not probably a weekly newspaper of its class which offers so tempting a repast to the man or woman of literary tastes as the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—*Westboro (Mass.) Chronotype.*

☞ Mrs. Stanton has the courage to announce that both herself and Miss Anthony are "in the sear and yellow leaf."

A Legislative Joke.

The cession of Chicago to Indiana, was not the only humorous proceeding on the part of the Illinois Legislature one recent Friday when there was no quorum. The grave members evidently have a keen appreciation of a jest, for they satirized the woman suffrage movement by passing a bill, the first section of which vests all political, civil, and social power in the state irrevocably in the women over the age of sixteen. The remaining sections of the bill we give in full:

Sec. 2. It shall be the exclusive right and prerogative of the women to call on, visit, and woo the other sex, escort them to balls, festivals, evening parties, church, and lectures, and to protect them from barking dogs, hissing geese, bellowing cows, vicious sheep, and grunting hogs; on moonlight evenings to propose and be accepted; and it shall be esteemed a high misdemeanor for any male person between the ages of 10 and 75 years, to beg to be excused, or to become the head of the family.

Sec. 3. Upon the marriage of any male person, all his property, real and personal, shall vest absolutely in his wife, and shall be subject to her exclusive disposition and control, and marriage settlements whereby any estate is or may be secured to such male persons are hereby prohibited under penalty of death.

Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful for any male person over the age of 12 years to be seen on the streets of any city or incorporated town of this state, at or after 7 o'clock in the evening, unless under the escort of a female qualified to vote under the provisions of this Act, and the women shall have the sole and exclusive right of keeping late hours, attending horse-races, seven-up parties, Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges, and scientific lectures.

Sec. 5. After this bill becomes a law, any male person convicted of preaching, offering to vote or voting at any elections, except for officers of sewing-circles, missionary societies, and temperance organizations, making a stump speech, running for Congress, drinking lager-beer, or refusing to cook, or nurse the baby, shall be punished by confinement.

Sec. 6. Nothing in this Act contained shall be so construed as to authorize any male person to put on the Grecian bend or wear trains more than seven feet long; and any one violating this section shall, on conviction, be summarily banished. This act shall take effect and be enforced from and after the millenium.

☞ Jeremy Bentham refused to believe in ghosts, because nobody believes in the ghosts of coats and trowsers, and nobody ever saw naked ghosts.

☞ Brigham Young has no fear of the locomotive. "Mine must be a poor religion," he says, "if it won't stand one railroad." But it is also said that he will pocket two million dollars from his Pacific Railroad contracts.

☞ An exchange says:—Last week a sleigh was returned to one of our livery stables with a lady's fur collar in it. The livery man sent it to the residence of the man who hired the team. The lady of the house said it did not belong to her, but she would keep it and ask Mr. —— how it got into the cutter.

☞ In Paris they are discarding the use of envelopes, and going back to the old fashion of writing the address of a letter upon the letter itself.

☞ A West Virginian whipped his wife recently, for unexampled extravagance in eating both butter and molasses on her bread.

☞ There are two inconsistencies in this world that are hard to understand. Everybody is anxious to get to heaven, but no one is in a hurry about it.

☞ There is a notable difference between doctors and lawyers. The more lawyers you have the more your lawsuit will drag; but the more doctors the shorter the course of the disease. Lawyers take you from judgments to judgments; but the doctors take you to the last judgment at once.

☞ George Francis Train is a large stockholder in the Omaha gas-works. That accounts, an exchange says, for his inexhaustible supply.

☞ A lady with the "Grecian Bend" considered herself insulted when she was told, a few days ago, that rheumatic liniment would restore her shape.

☞ A New York reporter says Hamilton Fish "is an able and upright man, and his coachman is gotten up in truly gorgeous and impressive style."

☞ A bachelor being asked why he didn't marry, answered, "that the women were claiming the right to go to the polls, and they would soon claim the right to go a courting, and that he was only waiting for a good offer.

☞ The proper abbreviation of Alaska is said to be L. S.—the place of the seal.

☞ Grace Greenwood is severe upon the "measureless assumption and vanity of the bloomers."

☞ A lady in Schenectady, one day last week, having occasion to replenish the coal in her stove, picked up the scuttle and dumped in a black cat which was taking a nap in that receptacle. The way that cat "got up and got" was lively for to see.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues quiet. About 2000 bbls sold at $5@5.50 for superfine, $6@6.50 for extra, $7@7.75 for Northwest extra family, $7,50@8,50 for Penna family, $8@9,50 for Ohio extra family, and $10@12,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 200 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $7@7,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is in demand. 30,000 bus good to prime red sold at $1,75@1,90, 15,000 bus amber at $1,95@2,05. Rye—800 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,55. Corn—45,000 bus yellow sold at 86@90c, and 12,000 bus white at 86@87c ₱ bus. Oats—27,000 bus sold at 72@75c for Western, and 60@70c ₱ bus for Southern and Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market has been dull. Mess Beef sells at $23@23,50 for city packed. Bacon—Sales Hams at 19@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17½@18c; Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of 575 tcs Pickled Hams at 18@18½c, and shoulders at 14c. Lard—Sales of 900 bbls and tcs Western at 20c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 20@25c, and prime roll at 35@37c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 22@22c.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $2@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit; sales of Apples at 11@16c, and Peaches at 17½@18c for halves, 13½@14c for quarters, and 10@12c ₱ lb for pared.

IRON—Pig Metal; sales of No 1 Anthracite at $40, and No 2 at $38. Scotch Pig sells at $43@43,50 ₱ ton, and Forge at $24@25 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $53,50@57 ₱ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—1000 bus Clover seed sold at $9,50@9,75, according to quality. Timothy; 600 bus sold at $2,25@2,30.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 10½@10¾ cts ₱ lb. 120 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@6¾c ₱ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $16,00 to 17,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ An old lady in New Jersey, having read an account of the bursting of a grindstone in a manufacturing establishment, became terribly alarmed lest a grindstone which was standing in her cellar should burst and blow the house up.

"Here lies a man of good repute,
Who wore a number 16 boot;
'Tis not recorded how he died,
But sure it is that opened wide
The gates of Heaven must have been,
To let such monstrous feet within."

Loss of Hair.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:

I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil,—Cocoaine.

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall; and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly, Susan E. Pope.

☞ The time during which the earth has generated organic beings is small compared with the ages during which the world was a mass of molten rocks. The experiments of Bifhof upon the basalt, show that our globe would require 350,000,000 of years to cool down from 3,000 degrees, which is the most intense heat that we are able to produce, to 360 degrees Fahrenheit. And with regard to the period during which the first nebulous masses condensed to form our planetary system, conjecture must entirely cease.

A Malarious Month.

March, that gives us a new President, is also the inaugural month of many harrassing disorders. Entangled in its fogs are the seeds of coughs, colds, and of that alternation of friqidity and fire, more widely known than admired, called fever and ague. The only way to avoid these "little unpleasantnesses," is to render the system strong enough to fight off the atmospheric poison that produces them, and the best way to endow it with this repellant power is to tone it with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

If a wayfarer were credibly informed that a ruffian was waiting at the next corner, he would doubtless turn in his tracks, and take a safer route to his destination. With just about the same amount of trouble, the attacks of diseases prevalent at this season may be evaded. Nay, the trouble will be less, for drug stores lie in every one's route, and every respectable druggist in the Union keeps on hand HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. The article is a staple of trade, and it would be as easy to find a grocery without sugar, as the store of an apothecary without this popular tonic remedy.

In view of the experience of the nation with regard to the article, during the space of twenty years, it seems almost unnecessary to recapitulate its merits to Americans. But as our population is increasing at the rate of a couple of millions a year, in the natural way and by immigration, it may be as well to hint to the rising generation and new arrivals, (the old settlers know all about it,) that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the most wholesome and potent vegetable tonic ever manufactured; that it is a specific for debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, and miasmatic fevers; that it prevents, as well as cures, these complaints and their complications; that it is not "bad to take," and is absolutely harmless.

mar6-4t

☞ On the day of the funeral of the late Baron Rothschild his widow gave orders that every beggar that came to the door should receive a gold twenty franc piece. The news spread like wildfire among the mendicants—and the amount given away during the day was twelve thousand pounds sterling ($60,000.)

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-Killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Strains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar6-eowtf

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☞ Sitka is said to be nearly depopulated. Every one who went there wanted to keep a saloon. There being no one to pay for drinks, where all were barkeepers, business became dull, and now the emigrants are going back to San Francisco.

Hunt's Court Toilet Powder is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.15. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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☞ A New Orleans lawyer, the other day, who was defending a case against a railroad company for running over and maiming a child, gravely told the jury that if they awarded damages the people of New Orleans would eternally be sending their children into the street to be run over.

Pomeroy's Democrat.—This new paper has a wonderful circulation. In nearly every town in the country the Democrats and workingmen are getting up clubs for it. It is the boldest, sharpest paper published, and walks into Congress and the Bondholders regardless of results. The paper has over fifty thousand subscribers in the State of New York alone. Send for sample copies, which are sent free, and see it for yourselves. *Address M. M. Pomeroy, Printing House Square, New York City.*

☞ At Coose Bay, Oregon, there are only two marriageable girls, and these being run after by all the young men of the district, value themselves accordingly. Half-a-dozen Oregonian youths sit on the verandah in front of their respective houses during the whole of Sunday, while each lady looks at her followers through the half-opened window. The lovers all the while are whittling bits of white pine which is an easy wood to work, and valued for that purpose. At dark they move home, but the damsels find these visits profitable, for there is generally left behind a pile of shavings big enough to light fires for the rest of the week.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are now more sought after and used than ever. Why is this?—Simply because the sick and diseased find they can rely upon them. They perform all and more than is claimed for them.

☞ A pair of fond lovers in New Orleans, tired of life and the persecutions of cruel parents, tied their right hands together and leaped from a bridge with suicidal intent. But while the youth went over the rail, the maiden went under, and there they were found, dangling and kicking and screaming.

Look Out, Don't Touch it,

unless in pure white wrappers, both Wolcott's Pain Paint, for pain, and his Annihilator, for Catarrh. Take none other, or you are cheated. Sold by all druggists. feb27-2t

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Thomas Leeson to Miss Eliza L. Bacon, both of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. George W. Stinson to Miss Anna G. Gillenbower, both of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Stephen T. Young, of Petersburg, W. I., to Maggie Reed, of this city.

On the 13th of Feb., by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, John F. De Hart, Esq., to Miss Clara M. Powell, both of this city.

On the 14th of Feb., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. John E. Boston to Miss Mary E. Ashley, both of Sussex county, Del.

On the 18th of June, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. Theodore Bohn to Miss Cordelia N. Davis, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Feb., George Pfeffenpfer, Sr., aged 69 years.

On the 22d of Feb., George W., son of Joseph and the late M. A. French, in his 21st year.

On the 23d of Feb., Mrs. Sarah Collins, in her 67th year.

On the 21st of Feb., George Glover, in his 75th year.

On the 21st of Feb., Edward J. Kellar, in his 23d year.

On the 20th of Feb., William Johnson, in his 72d year.

On the 20th of Feb., Margaret M., wife of Chas. E. Armstrong.

On the 20th of Feb., Charles C. Harrison, in his 65th year.

On the 19th of Feb., Thomas Richardson, aged 62 years.

☞ The other day, in private company, says an English paper, a medical gentleman amused his friends by lighting candles with his breath as fast as they put them out. A cigar, which was very near out, being presented to him, he breathed upon it, and it flared up into a flame. He subsequently let out his secret, which was that a short time before he had been inhaling oxygen gas. This substance may be absorbed in considerable quantities by the respiratory organs; and when this has been done, one continues to exhale the gas, though in an impure state, for some time after. Now, if their remains the slightest point of ignition on the wick of a candle after it has been blown out, that is quite sufficient to make it light up again if it comes in contact with oxygen.

BOXES OF FRENCH NOTE PAPER.

ENVELOPES TO MATCH,
INITIALS IN BRIGHT COLORS,
FIVE QUIRES $1.
WEDDING, VISITING AND BUSINESS CARDS printed in latest styles.

☞ Plate engraved, and two packs of Cards, $4. Without a plate, $3 for two packs by mail prepaid.
HOWARD CHALLEN, Fashionable Stationer,
mar6-4t No. 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

☞ Don Piatt relates that a distinguished member of Congress, called on President Lincoln one night soon after his first inauguration, and found him immersed in a pile of papers concerning a post-office in a small town in Ohio. "Glad to see you; sit down," he cried. "Here's a little office I have filled and unfilled half-a-dozen times." "Can I be of any service to you, Mr. President?" "Oh, I guess not; fact is, I had just made up my mind to give it to the fellow whose papers weigh the most. That's as good a way as any—so here goes." The papers were weighed, and the lucky applicant having the heaviest lot of foolscap received the appointment.

COMPARE PRICES.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., whose Organs are acknowledged to be the best, have this season introduced very important improvements and new styles of Organs, and have *materially reduced prices.* Four Octave Organs, $50 each; Five Octave Double-Reed Organs, Five Stops, $125. *Every one having any idea of purchasing an Organ* should at least obtain one of their circulars (which will be sent free,) and compare prices. Address the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 596 Broadway, New York, or 154 Tremont St., Boston. mar6-3t

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☞ Not Very Good Taste.—Among some revival songs recently published in England, is one by William Weaver, the noted lay preacher, the first verse of which is as follows:

I've given my heart to Jesus,
And mean to keep it so!
If the devil wants to have it all,
I'll tell him—"Not for Joe."

A New Volume of Music for the Young Folks entitled

THE GOLDEN ROBIN,

Containing:—I. Musical Notation. II. Rote songs and exercises adapted to phonic action. III. Songs for all occasions. IV. Sacred pieces. By W. O. Perkins, author of "The Nightingale," "Sabbath-School Trumpet," &c. The whole forming a most attractive music book for juvenile classes, schools and seminaries, and one that cannot fail to be admired by all teachers and scholars. Price 50 cts. Sent post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

Concert Pitch.

This subject is attracting great interest among musicians abroad, and singers in England particularly are complaining that modern music is written so high that the human voice is incapable of reaching the upper notes without straining. For this reason Sims Reeve, the popular tenor, refuses to appear at concerts, as his voice is unable to undergo the strain. In France, a few years ago, the orchestral pitch was lowered half a tone, and is fixed by a decree of the Government. Germany has also adopted the French pitch. To obtain the received concert pitch, the following instrument has been devised: Take a stout, smooth piece of board, eighteen inches long and six inches wide, and fasten securely thereon, at a distance apart of twelve and five-eighths inches, two strong blocks, narrowed at the top to an edge. Now take two feet of piano-forte wire, weighing exactly thirty-eight two-thirds grains, and fasten one end into one end of the board, carry the wire over the two bridges, and keep it tightened by a twenty-four pound avoirdupois weight attached to the other end. This string made to vibrate, will give 256 vibrations to the second, and will sound the above middle C at the mean concert pitch.

HITCHCOCK'S HALF DIME MUSIC printed on heavy Music Paper, 4 pages—Colored titles, music and words. Price, 5 cents each. The whole 20 mailed for $1.50.

NOW READY:

Nos. 1. Captain Jinks.
2. Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?
3. We'd Better Bide a Wee.
4. Blue Eyes.
5. Not for Joseph.
6. Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye.
7. I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry.
8. Praise of Tears.
9. Champagne Charlie.
10. Skating Rink Polka.
11. Genevieve Waltz.
12. Come Hither, My Baby, My Darling.
13. The Danish Boy's Whistle.
14. Little Maggie May.
15. Maggie's Secret.
16. His Love Shines Over All. Sacred Song.
17. The Old Cottage Clock.
18. Silver Chimes.
19. The Rose of Erin.
20. Arm-in-Arm. Polka Mazourka.
21. She Might Not Suit Your Fancy.
22. Riding Down Broadway.
23. Waltzing Down at Long Branch.
24. Still I Love Thee.
25. The Passing Bell.
26. Take Back the Heart.
27. See the Conquering Hero Comes.
28. There's a Charm in Spring.
29. Up in a Balloon.
30. Olympic Schottisch.

The above can be obtained at the Music, Book and Periodical Stores, or by enclosing the price, 5 CTS. EACH, to the Publisher. Other choice selections will rapidly follow. Agents wanted. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, No. 98 Spring St., New York, (under St. Nicholas Hotel.)

PROCRASTINATION.

"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the rest more dilatory;
Thus INDECISION brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days,
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
BOLDNESS HAS GENIUS, POWER, AND MAGIC IN IT;
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed?" —*Goethe.*

£150,000,000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Wills searched for. All Letters must be pre-paid. GUN & CO.,
fe12-3m Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency,
No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

☞ A leading Massachusetts lawyer appeared before the Legislative Committee on Railways a few days ago, and made a forcible and eloquent argument in behalf of the New Bedford Railroad. At its conclusion the Chairman struck him dumb by remarking: "I believe you appear for the Providence Road?" He had been advocating the cause he was retained to oppose.

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
jan20-2m

☞ San Francisco is to be supplied with ice from the summit of the Sierra Nevada, in a very novel way. A party of speculators have constructed an ice-house, capable of holding 800 or 900 tons of ice, near the Pacific Railroad track. From a stream on the hillside above a flume has been run to the top of an ice-house, where the water is allowed to fall in small jets or spray into the building below. In this manner they expect to gradually form a mass of solid ice which will fill the building.

THE DRESDEN MUSIC BOX is an imported article, got up on entirely new principles; playing 8 popular American tunes, in handsome polished metal case. Sent only by mail, free of expense on receipt of $1. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. dec26-3m

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☞ Land in South-western Georgia has greatly advanced in price. For a place of six hundred acres offered last year for six hundred dollars, three thousand dollars is now asked. The people of that section are nearly insane on the subject of cotton.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address P. P. BOWEN,
je17-tf Box 280, Boston, Mass.

☞ The Cockade Question.—On the "Leather Cockade" question, a gentleman writes to the New York Post: "I use them to distinguish my coachman's hat from my own. We are both good-looking men; we both wear ten-dollar hats, and when we go out for a drive in the Park, I think it due to myself that the public should know who owns the carriage and who drives it."

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES that cannot be told from natural ones; on wire 50 cents; on lace 75 cents; extra fine $1; imperials 50 cents; full beard $2.50; all colors. Address BLACKIE & CO., 740 Broadway, New York. dec12-3m

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☞ Henry Ward Beecher in his pulpit the other day said—"I am the happiest man that lives. You could not tempt me out of this place. Suppose they had offered me the Senatorship of the United States, do you suppose I would have accepted it? Never, never!"

Rev. Mr. Trask's Remedy.—In a recently published pamphlet, Rev. Mr. Trask gives the following advice to tobacco chewers:

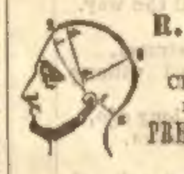
1. Make the most of your will. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again in any form.

2. Go to an apothecary, and buy ten cents' worth of Gentian root, coarsely ground.

3. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of "fine cut" or "cavendish."

4. Chew it well, and swallow the saliva.

5. Continue this a few weeks, and you will come off conqueror; then thank God, and thank us.



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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no4-sowly

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In order to accommodate newspaper language to the new theory that electricity is merely a "mode of motion," and not a fluid, the Chicago Times publishes the following model of a paragraph: "During the thunder-storm on yesterday, the stable of Mr. John Jones became subject to electrical conditions. There resulted a violent molecular electric agitation, whereby a hole was undulated, or rotated, through the roof of the barn. The peculiar motion of the molecules was finally carried to, and communicated through a haymow, setting it on fire, and thence through the body of a horse, whereby death resulted."

GINGER SNAPS.—*A Collection of Two Thousand Scintillations of Wit.* The material gathered and the whole Batch Baked by JO COSE.

This new book contains the merriest thoughts of the Merriest Men—short, crispy, pungent—all selected with care, so that they may be read by Man and Woman, Boys and Girls, at any time and place. It is a book for Farmers at their Fireides in Winter; for folks at home; Travellers in Cars and Steamboats, Ramblers at the Seaside and in the Woods. Take it up at any time and you will find something you have never seen before that will make you shake with honest laughter. Price, in fancy paper, illustrated cover, red edge, only 50 cents; in board illustrated cover, 75 cents; in extra cloth, embossed and lettered, red edge, $1 (a choice gift book). Which will you have? Send your money and you shall have your "SNAPS." Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address the *Wallkill Valley Times*, Montgomery, N. Y.

N. B.—Editors publishing the above, including this paragraph, one week, will receive a copy of "Ginger Snaps" free. jan16-2m

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Hydrophobia.—A remedy for this horrible disease is stated to have been used with great success for fifty years by a German forester. The method is as follows:—The wound must be immediately washed with warm vinegar or tepid water, and then carefully dried; a few drops of sulphuric acid must then be poured into the place, and the action of the poison, it is asserted, will be neutralized. The principle of the cure would seem to depend upon the cautery of the acid, as a substitute for the hot iron, but the severity of the remedy renders it highly dangerous, except in cases of extremity like that of hydrophobia. The pain from the acid upon healthy tissue is intense.

$75 *to* $200 *per month*, everywhere, by male or female agents to sell a newly invented and elegantly constructed $10 *Sewing Machine*, noiseless in operation, uses the *straight Needle*, sews with *double or single thread*, makes the running hand stitch, will *gather, hem, ruffle, shir, tuck, run up, braid, &c.*, requires no lubrication or change of stitch, *cannot get out of order* and will *last a life time.* Is a favorite everywhere and a great mechanical success. Imitations or infringements will be vigorously prosecuted. Illustrated circulars with testimonials free. Single Machines will be expressed to any address on receipt of $10. APEX SEWING MACHINE CO., 208 Broadway, New York. feb13-4t

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Railroad Stations.—Never eat oysters out of a keg, to begin with; and remember what is done at ——. The Easy Chair forbears to mention the name.

"Why, what *is* done at ——?"

"They bail out the oysters when the train arrives. The bell rings before many of the passengers have eaten; they pay and run and leave half plates of stew, and these—these—"

"These?"—demanded the Easy Chair.

"Are poured back into the great receptacle."

It is so asserted—most solemnly—upon the word of a peeping Tom who couldn't help seeing, who was left by the train, and saw with his own eyes the deed done.—*Harper's Magazine.*

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the
ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

The Man-Milliner.—Worth, the fashionable man-milliner of Paris, is a dull-looking man, inclined to obesity, and concealing his baldness under a somewhat eccentric-looking wig. It is thought in well-informed circles in Paris that his stories about the immense sums which he claims the leading ladies of the aristocracy owe him are unfounded, and that he charges them very moderate prices for arranging their *toilettes*, in order to remain in vogue. The gudgeons whom he fleeces most unmercifully are the wives and daughters of the parvenus, who are anxious to gain access to the Imperial Court and to the circles of aristocracy.

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business either *Ladies* or *Gents.* For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp, C. L. VANALLEN & CO., 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

THE FATAL ARROW.

BY ALICE CARY.

My father had a fair-haired harvester;—
I gleaned behind him in the barley-land;
And there he put a red rose in my hand:
O cruel, killing leaves those rose-leaves were!

He sung to me a little lovelorn lay,
Learned of some bird; and while his sickle swept
Athwart the shining stalks, my wild heart kept
Beating the tune up with him all the way.

One time we rested by a limpid stream,
O'er which the loose-tongued willows whispered low;
Ah blessed hour! so long and long ago,
It cometh back upon me like a dream.

And there he told me, blushing soft—ah me!—
Of one that he could love,—so young, so fair,
Like mine the color of her eyes and hair;
O foolish heart! I thought that I was she!

Full flowed his manly beard; his eyes so brown
Made sweet confession with their tender look;
A thousand times I kissed him in the brook,
Across the flowers,—with bashful eyelids down.

And even yet I cannot hear the stir
Of willows by a water but I stop,
And down the warm waves all their length I drop
My empty arms, to find my harvester.

In all his speech there was no word to mend;
Whate'er he said or right or wrong, was best,
Until at last an *arrow* pierced my breast,
Tipt with a fatal point,—he called me *friend!*

Still next my heart the fading rose I wore,
But all so sad; full well I knew, God wot,
That I had been in love and he had not,
And in the barley-field I gleaned no more.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 7.

WELLS, WATER, &c.

In countries like ours, abounding in pure, fresh water, and every possible convenience for obtaining and conveying it where we desire, it is difficult to understand the numberless allusions in the sacred volume to its priceless value, the want of it, paying for it, striving for its possession, &c. Thus we find often in the Old Testament, persons selecting a residence in a particular place, because there were facilities for obtaining *water*, either from natural streams, or by means of *wells;* and the digging of these wells seems always to have been the first step towards making a settlement. In Gen. xiii. 10, 11, we read that "Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan," because "it was well watered every where;" and we see in this a striking instance of the disinterestedness of the Patriarch, who well knew the value of choice in such a case. Afterwards, when Abraham dwelt at Gerah, he caused his servants to dig wells, as we are told in Gen. 26, 15, that "Isaac digged again the wells of water that they had digged in the days of his father Abraham; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham." Again, in John 4, 5, Jacob's well is spoken of in "Sycar, a city of Samaria, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." Joseph was the favorite son of the aged Patriarch, the tenderly beloved offspring of the much loved Rachel, and the fond parent, in assigning him his patrimony, selected as most valuable that parcel of ground that was *near to the well.* When the Israelites, on their journey to Canaan, wearied out with their toilsome pilgrimage through the desert sands, "came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, they encamped there *by the waters*" for rest and refreshment. Ex. 15, 27.

Among the curses pronounced against a people, none were esteemed so fearful as that of cutting off the supply of water: as in Hosea, 2, 3. God complaining of the idolatry of His people, threatens to "make her as a wilderness, and set her like a *dry* land, and slay her with *thirst;*" and when the Prophet Elisha would instruct the Israelites as to the utter extirpation of the Moabites, he says, among the evils to be inflicted on them, "*ye shall stop all wells of water.*" 2d Kings 3, 19. Of such inestimable value were *wells* esteemed, that we find in the sacred writings constant allusions to *paying* for water, nor was any one save the owner or digger of a well regarded as entitled to its use; and when this right was encroached on it generally gave rise to fierce contentions.

In Gen. 21, 25, it is said, "Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a *well of water* that Abimelech's servants had violently taken away"—and in Gen. 26, 20, we read that "the herdmen of Gerah did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying the water is ours; and he called the name of the well Esek" (contention.) For the second well they strove also, but for the third they contended not, and Isaac called it Rehoboth or Room, because, said he, "the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." When, afterward, to avoid contentions with the people of Abimelech, he moved farther to the South, the first care of his servants was *the digging of a well*, and they came and told Isaac "*we have found water;*" and he called it Sheba or Beersheba, the well of an oath, because of the alliance formed there between Abraham his father and Abimelech, and now repeated between himself and Abimelech the second, probably a son of the former king of the same name. The name Beersheba was continued when a town was subsequently built in this place. It was twenty miles south of Hebron, and at the utmost extremity of the Holy Land—and hence the expression "from Dan to Beersheba," is frequently used to signify the whole country. In Deut. 23, 4, the Moabites and Ammonites are reproached for not bringing out bread and *water* for the Israelites, when on their journey from Egypt to the Promised Land; and for this failure it was commanded by God, that even to the tenth generation they should "not enter into the congregation of the Lord, forever."

The churlish Nabal said insultingly to David's messengers, "Shall I then take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men that I know not whence they be?" 1st Sam. 25, 21.

Major Rooke, in his account of a voyage from India to England, adverts to the custom of *buying* water, and the fatal results of a quarrel that grew out of an attempt to take it by force. His ship being anchored near the Arabian shore, the *noquedah* or supercargo sent his men to *purchase* a supply of water for his ship; but the Bedouins demanding more than the usual price, the sailors refused the demand, and returned to their ship without the water. This so enraged the *noquedah* that he armed his men, about twenty in number, and rowed hastily to the land, declaring that he would get the water or perish in the attempt. The attack was successfully repulsed by the Bedouins, and himself with two of his men killed, while the rest made a hasty and inglorious retreat, of course without the accomplishment of their design.

Among the blessings promised to the Israelites, we read in Ex. 23, 25, "The Lord shall bless thy bread and thy *water*"—and in Deut. 8, 7, "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of *water*, of fountains and depths," &c. In Deut. 11, 10, Moses, describing the Promised Land, says, "It is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs. But it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven: a land which the Lord thy God careth for," &c. Thus referring to the fact that in Egypt, where there is no rain, nor any river but the Nile, such portions of the land as are beyond the reach of the annual inundations of this river become so parched and barren as to be almost useless for agricultural purposes. To remedy this defect as far as possible, numerous ditches are dug, and the water distributed by simple machines, one of which is a *wheel turned by the feet*, and to this wheel Moses probably refers in the passage just quoted. Palestine, on the contrary, is "a land of hills and valleys," bountifully supplied with springs, brooks and rivulets, and visited oft by refreshing rains and fertilizing dews, and in this land, thus *cared for by God*, he had appointed his people a dwelling place.

When on their journey to Canaan, the Israelites came to Kadesh, Moses sent messengers to the king of Edom, praying for permission to pass through his country, and promising *not to drink of the water of the wells*, and adding, "If I or my cattle drink of thy water, then I *will pay for it.*" Num. 20, 17—19. This offer was only in compliance with established usage; and though Edom, in recognition of the consanguinity of the Israelites, might have permitted the use of his wells without payment, Moses did not choose to solicit so great a favor at the hands of his kinsman of Edom. In Lamentations 5, 4, we have the case stated in even stronger terms, where the Israelites, lamenting their doleful condition as captives, sorrowfully say, "We have drunken our *water* for money; our wood is sold unto us," i. e., we who are the natural owners and proprietors of the land, have been compelled to *purchase* from our foreign masters even the common necessary of *water*, and that from the very wells we have ourselves digged. How strange it would seem to us for a traveller, with ever so numerous a retinue, in asking permission to pass through our country, to promise not to drink of our wells, or to offer to *buy* the privilege of doing so; and how utterly inhuman would those be counted who should, on any pretext, refuse *water to the thirsty traveller!* But when we remember the dry, arid soil, the burning, sandy deserts, and parched, barren wastes of most of the countries of Western Asia, and the paucity of its rivers, brooks and springs, combined with the fact that in many places, with the few appliances at the command of the people of those lands, especially in the earlier ages of the world, wells could not be dug of sufficient depth to procure water, we can better appreciate the value of this inestimable blessing, and their reasons for trading in such a commodity, or even resorting to force or violence to obtain or defend their right to so priceless a treasure as a well. As an instance of this scarcity of water, may be mentioned the statement in Ex. 15, 22, where it is said that the Israelites, after crossing the Red Sea, "went three days in the wilderness and found no water." Without the interposition of the miracle that followed, that vast company must inevitably have perished of thirst. This is but one of many similar instances that occurred on their long and toilsome journey; and the same difficulty exists almost to an equal extent at the present day. Caravans of merchants and travellers take water with them on their journeys, and they are often compelled to use it when it has become utterly noisome and offensive; and at last, when even this wretched supply is exhausted before the goal is reached, they not unfrequently perish of thirst. It is more from this scarcity of water and the extraordinary power of enduring thirst with which the camel is endowed, than for any other reason, that this animal is so extensively used throughout Western Asia.

How forcible thus to an oriental reader becomes the words of the wise man, "As *cold water* to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Prov. 25, 25; and those of the Royal Psalmist, "As the hart panteth for the *water brooks*, so panteth my soul after thee." Ps. 40, 1. "He leadeth me beside the *still waters.*" Ps. 23, 2. "My soul *thirsteth* for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land, *where no water is.*" Ps. 63, 1—and a thousand other similar allusions, all through the Bible—the Old Testament especially. Taken in this view, how fraught with deep and touching interest—how full of sublimity and beauty are such precious promises and invitations as the following: "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Is. 44, 3. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come buy and eat." Is. 55, 1. "For as the rain cometh down, and * * watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, * * so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth." Is. 55: 10, 11. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. 21, 6. "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Rev. 22, 17, &c., &c.

Wells are of such vast importance to the life, health, and convenience of those who dwell under a vertical sun, who have few water courses, and little rain, that not only old communities gradually congregate about a well, but the towns thus formed, are often named from them; as Beer Sheba, the well of an oath—Beer Ramoth, the well of the height—Beer Elim, the well of the Princes—and Beeroth beni Jaakan, the well of the sons of Jaakan.

The bringing of water is one of the heaviest of the many heavy duties that devolve on women in the East; and one which most painfully impresses a European with a sense of their degraded condition. Among the Arabs and some others of the ruder nations, this task devolves exclusively on females, and that irrespective of rank or condition. But in Turkey, Persia, and indeed in all countries where women of rank are required to go closely veiled, women of the lower class only have to undertake this laborious task—families of the better grade being supplied by men who make water-carrying a regular business.

As the Arabs seldom pitch their tents very near the well, and unless the distance be a mile or more, the men do not think it necessary to employ their camels for this purpose, the women generally go at evening, with long leather bags thrown over their shoulders, and bring a sufficient quantity of water for a day's consumption. If the distance is very short, so that several trips can be conveniently made, earthen pitchers or jugs are preferred to the leather bags. Such probably was the case of Rebekah.

The women of the East seem rather to enjoy even this irksome duty, as it forms almost their only opportunity of seeing and chatting with each other, and displaying any little articles of finery they may chance to possess. In some parts of Northern India, and other places where veils are not worn very close, ladies of the first grade may be seen at evening, congregated about the wells, decked in their jauntiest attires, carrying their fanciful little China jars or pitchers, gracefully poised *on the shoulder*—this particular mode of carrying the pitcher being regarded as a mark of distinguished rank. Probably in the earlier ages this practice was more common than at present, as close veils were then less in use, and women of rank not so generally secluded as now.

The wells are of very simple construction—sometimes, where, as in India, there are stairs to descend from within, down to the water's edge, no other fixtures are needed. The grand well at Cairo, in Egypt, called "Joseph's well," has a descent of about one hundred and fifty feet, by a winding staircase six feet in width. Where there are no stairs, the water is drawn up by a leather bucket attached to a belt of the same material, and both bucket and belt are carried off by the owner as soon as she has done using them. Hence the language of the woman of Samaria to our Saviour, "Sir, Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." John 4, 11.

The process of drawing is facilitated in some places, especially the wells of Turkey and Persia, by a rough windlass and a huge wheel, just such as are seen at the present day attached to the wells of Mexico—a country in many respects singularly oriental to belong to our newer and western world. The tourist is often surprised at the strange resemblances he finds at every step in two regions thus widely separated; and among nations, geographically almost at antipodes, the same love of old customs, the same never-varying routine in work and play, dress and religion, speech and thought that belonged to the centuries long gone by. He can find the solution only in their emigration from Egypt, with the Moors, along the shores of the Mediterranean, across the straits of Gibraltar, into Spain, and thence with the Spaniard across the Atlantic. Thus only can it be true that "the genius of the Arab has shaped many a thought for the brain of the Aztec."

In India proper, and through most parts of south-eastern Asia, water-carrying or selling is a distinct business, (as in some of the countries already named,) by which many a family is entirely supported. Persons living handsomely, always keep at least two "water-carriers" and one "cooler," as a very necessary part of the regular *menage;* while the poor buy water by the bucket, from the street vender, at about half a cent a bucket, holding some four or five gallons. In many places the river water is used as the best obtainable; while in other more hilly or mountainous localities, it is procured from springs, often at the distance of many miles from the settlements. In both these cases, the water is drawn in two large buckets, which, when filled, are suspended at the extremities of an elastic piece of split bamboo that rests on the water-carrier's shoulder. The buckets are of precisely the same size and weight, to secure a perfect balance; and water is thus transported from the river or spring where it is obtained, to the various parts of the dwelling where water is wanted. That for culinary purposes, is taken charge of by the cooks, of whom there are two or more in every family of note; that for the dressing-rooms, by the personal attendants of the several members of the household—whilst that for the dining-room is handed over to the "cooler" or "keeper," and by him prepared for use. This is done by putting the water in bottles, jugs, or wine-coolers, and turning them rapidly in vessels of salt and saltpetre combined in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter. The water is thus brought almost to the freezing point; and may be kept standing for hours, sufficiently cool for ordinary use, without further trouble.

Three or four times a day, or oftener if the weather is excessively hot, the buckets are replenished, and the turning process repeated. Thus one is regularly supplied with sparkling cold water, even when the thermometer is standing at one hundred and two degrees in the shade; and in countries where there is no ice to be obtained, this easy method of supplying the deficiency, is promotive alike of health and comfort—that is to the *foreigners*, for the majority of the *natives* prefer the water just as it has been drawn. The bath-rooms, of which there is one to each chamber, are taken care of and supplied with water, by a man whose sole duty is to attend to this department; and as most persons in India bathe three times a day, the "bath-keeper" finds quite as much employment as he cares to undertake in that sultry clime, where the too-familiar glances of old Sol induce a deplorable degree of inertia, both physical and mental.

F. R. F.

THE EREBUS AND TERROR STOPPED BY A GREAT BARRIER OF ICE.

On the Antarctic expedition of Sir James Ross, in 1841, the Erebus and Terror advanced nearer to the South Pole than had ever before been accomplished, crowning their labors by the discovery of two large volcanoes in a mountain range covered with perpetual snow.

Taking advantage of every favorable breeze, tacking about amidst bergs and drift-ice in search of convenient water-lanes, the adventurous explorers managed to attain a very southerly point, and on January 27 their explorations were rewarded by a most magnificent discovery. Standing to the south, with a favorable breeze, and very clear weather, they came close to some land, which, since the preceding noon, had been in sight. It proved to be a mountain 12,400 feet above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion. At first the smoke appeared like snow-drift, but on nearer approach its true character became manifest. This volcano was named "*Mount Erebus*," and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, was called "*Mount Terror.*"

The journal of Sir James Ross is at this point of such romantic interest that we quote a portion in his own words:—

"The discovery of an active volcano in so high a southern latitude cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. I named it 'Mount Erebus,' and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, being by measurement ten thousand nine hundred feet high, was called 'Mount Terror.'

"At 4 P. M. we were considerably to the southward of the magnetic pole, without any appearance of being able to approach it, on account of the land-ice, at a short distance to the westward, uniting with the western point of the 'High Island,' which, however, afterwards proved to be part of the main land, and of which Mount Erebus forms the most conspicuous object. As we approached the land under all studding-sails, we perceived a low white line extending from its eastern extreme point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length to be *a perpendicular cliff of ice, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet above the level of the sea*, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face. What was beyond it we could not imagine; for being much higher than our mast-head, we could not see anything except the summit of a lofty range of mountains extending to the southward as far as the seventy-ninth degree of latitude.

"The day was remarkably fine; and favored by a fresh north-westerly breeze, we made good progress to the E.S.E., close along the lofty perpendicular cliffs of the icy barrier. It is impossible to conceive a more solid-looking mass of ice; not the smallest appearance of any rent or fissure could we discover throughout its whole extent, and the intensely bright sky beyond it but too plainly indicated the great distance to which it reached to the southward. Many small fragments lay at the foot of the cliffs, broken away by the force of the waves, which dashed their spray high up the face of them.

"Having sailed along this curious wall of ice in perfectly clear water a distance of *upwards of one hundred miles*, by noon we found it still stretching to an indefinite extent in an E.S.E. direction. The wind fell light shortly before noon, but we fortunately had time to increase our distance from the barrier before it fell calm; for the northerly swell, though by no means of any great height, drifted us gradually towards it without our being able to make any effort to avoid the serious consequences that must have resulted had we been carried against it."

By February 17, the explorers had penetrated the pack-ice so far as to have got within ten or twelve miles of the low coast-line, when further progress was stopped. A council was held between the two commanders, who concurred in thinking that it was quite impossible to get any nearer to the pole. The attempt was therefore relinquished.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

"There she is!" he began aloud, in his free and somewhat saucy manner—a manner that women like, when displayed by an attractive man—as he bared his head to enter the summer-house, and held out his hand with an *abandon* of all ceremony.

That she was surprised into the putting forth her hand in return, was indisputable. She had been intently bending over some fancy-work, netting; and she lifted her head with a start at the greeting, and let fall the work.

Mr. Lake took her hand; she looked up at him and saw a gay fascinating man, gentlemanly in the midst of his freedom. Drawing back her hand she sat down again, perfectly self-possessed.

"I told Mrs. Chester I should come and look for you," he said, in explanation. "I have the pleasure of knowing your sister, so we need not wait for a formal introduction."

"And you?" cried the lady, looking puzzled.

"You have heard no doubt, of Mrs. Chester's brother, the scapegrace. She never gives me too good a word. I am out of her books again, through keeping her and the dinner waiting."

It happened that the young lady had never heard of Mr. Lake, as a scapegrace or otherwise. She did not say so, and went on with her netting work.

"Mrs. Chester has been wondering at the non-arrival of some friends she was expecting."

"And fuming at it too," returned Mr. Lake, with a light laugh. "We had an adventure. Getting out at Coombe Dalton in the supposition that there was plenty of time, the train went on without us. I am really sorry, though, for it has delayed your dinner."

"Oh! that is nothing," was the answer, spoken in a spirit of politeness. "I would rather not dine at all than dine alone."

Mr. Lake sat down on the bench, took up her scissors, and seemed inclined to make himself at home. She glanced at his bright blue eyes, dancing with light gayety and with admiration of her fair self.

"I think nothing is more pleasant than a country-house filled with visitors," she observed, tying a sudden break in the silk of her work, and holding out her hand for the scissors to cut the ends off.

"When they can do as they like," added Mr. Lake. "We shall remain until to-morrow night or Wednesday morning, I believe, and must make the most of it. And you—do you remain long?"

"My stay is quite uncertain."

"At least I hope you will be here until Wednesday. After that there'll be nothing to stay for; all the pleasure and the freedom must end; liberty will be replaced by restraint."

His tone had become serious. She paused again in her work, and lifted her eyes to speak.

"What restraint?"

"Mrs. Chester has sold her liberty to a Begum. Surely you must have heard of it! An old Indian Begum, who is coming to stay here, and takes possession the middle of the week. We must all be upon our good behavior before her. No fun to go on then."

"An Indian Begum!" uttered the young lady, staring at him.

"Nothing less formidable, I assure you. She is expected to make the journey from town on an elephant. I shall draw a sketch of her after dinner for private circulation; shawls, fans, woolly hair, and propriety. She's a widow; the relict of a Sir George Ellis; we must not so much as whisper before her."

The lady laughed.

"Mrs. Chester has laid down rules for our conduct," he went on, in a rattling sort of fashion. "The last time I was at Guild she saw me snatch a kiss from a pretty girl who was staying with her; and a few days ago she appeared at my house with an inquiry

of what I suppose my Lady Ellis would think of such conduct. You have no conception what a nightmare this Begum is to me—this old relict of a K.C.B."

"Really I don't wonder. Shawls, fans, woolly hair, and an elephant! Old and ugly! Did you say ugly!"

"As if a Begum could be anything else! Not that her ugliness or beauty could affect one; but her interfering with the liberty of a fellow—that does it."

"But—according to your version—it is Mrs. Chester who seems to be interfering; not the Begum."

"It is all the same; excepting that, for Mrs. Chester we should not care, and for the Begum, I suppose, we must. I did think of getting a few days' fishing here this charming weather, but that's over now. I shall never stand that Begum—twirling one's thumbs before her, and speaking in measured monosyllables."

The young lady bent over her netting; she had made a long stitch. Glancing up, she saw those attractive eyes fastened on her. "Mrs. Chester seems to wish to keep you in order," she remarked, bending them again.

"She does. It is her vocation. I listen to her pretty dutifully, and when her back's turned have a good laugh over it. Allow me to try and get that knot undone for you; it is giving you trouble."

"Why, what do you know about netting?" she asked, gayly.

"A great deal. I netted a boy's fishing-net once. These long stitches are the very plague."

"A fishing-net!" she laughed. "Well, perhaps you did; but what do you think you could do to this fine silk; you, with your man's fingers?"

"I can try, so as to save the trouble to you." He bent as he spoke, and attempted gently to draw the work from her. She kept it tight. It really looked as though they had no objection, either of them, to lapse into a flirtation, when at that moment voices were heard, and Mr. Lake looked up. Passing across the shrubbery, by an intersecting walk, was Oliver Jupp, with a young lady by his side. She turned her head, and stood still for a moment, calling out to Mrs. Chester's children, who were behind, so that Mr. Lake had a view of her face.

"Who the deuce has Jupp picked up now?" murmured Mr. Lake, in a half-whisper. "She's an uncommon pretty girl." The lady also looked at them, letting her netting fall on her lap.

"Do you know who that young lady is?" he asked.

She disengaged the string from her foot, got up, and looked from the door. Mrs. Chester's children ran across the shrubbery with fleet feet and noisy tongues, and the sound of their voices faded away in the distance.

"It is a Miss Clapperton. Mrs. Chester introduced her to me by that name. Lydia Clapperton, I think, she called her."

Mr. Lake stared in his surprise. "*That* Lydia Clapperton!"

"Mrs. Chester certainly called her so."

"Why, then—who are you?"

"I? Oh, I am the Indian Begum; but I did not come on an elephant."

His pulses stood still for a moment. But he thought she was playing a joke upon him.

"You are not—you cannot be—Lady Ellis!"

"I am indeed. The old relict of Colonel Sir George Ellis, K.C.B."

Never in all his life had Robert Lake been so taken to, never had he felt more thoroughly confused and ashamed. The hot crimson mounted to his temples. Lady Ellis had sat down again, and was quietly going on with her work.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Lady Ellis," he said, standing before her as shame-faced as any convicted schoolboy. "I cannot expect you to accord it to me, but I most sincerely beg it."

"I think I must accord it to you," she answered, in a pretty tantalizing sort of manner. "Your offence was not against *me*, but against some fabled monster of your fancy. You shall sketch her still after dinner for private circulation."

The sound of a gong as she spoke gave notice that dinner was ready. Mr. Lake held out his hand with hesitation.

"Will you ratify your pardon, Lady Ellis? Will you promise to forget as well as forgive? I shall never forget or forgive myself."

She frankly put her hand into his as she rose. "I have forgiven; I will promise to forget. But then, you know, you must not convert me into a nightmare."

"You a nightmare!" he impulsively cried, some of his old lightness returning to him. "If you are, it will be one of a different kind: a nightmare of attraction," he gallantly added, as he offered her his arm. "What did you think of me? Did you take me for a wild animal just arrived from the savage islands?"

"No," said Lady Ellis; "that is what you took the Begum for. I found you were under a mistake as soon as you spoke of my sister. I have no sister. But what about your intention of fishing here? I am sorry that I should frustrate it."

He bit his lip; he could not conceal his annoyance. "I thought you promised to forget," he softly whispered.

"And so I will."

"When did you arrive?"

"Only an hour or so ago. Just in time to dress for dinner."

Leaving Lady Ellis in the drawing-room, he ran up-stairs in search of his wife, and found her in the chamber which had been assigned them—a pleasant room, looking towards the lawn. She was at work: making a doll's frock for Fanny Chester.

"How hot you look!" she exclaimed, as her husband entered. "Your face is crimson."

"My brain is also," he replied. "What do you think? Lady Ellis is here."

"Mrs. Chester told us so. She had a note from her this morning, and she herself arrived at two o'clock."

"Clary, I called her the Begum to her face."

"Oh!"

"I don't know what else I didn't call her: old and ugly and a nightmare; and said she was coming on an elephant. In short, I did nothing but ridicule her. You see, I took her for that Lydia Clapperton."

Mrs. Lake's face turned red in its turn. She was of a refined, deeply-sensitive temperament, ever considerate of the feelings of others.

"What apology can you possibly offer, Robert? How can you make your peace?"

"I have made it already. She seems thoroughly good-natured, and saw the thing as it was—a misapprehension altogether. I'd rather have given a hundred pounds, though, than it should have happened.

"JUST SO HAD IT BEEN IN THE DREAM."

Why couldn't Penelope open her mouth and tell me she had come and was in the garden?"

He was splashing away at the water, having turned up his cuffs and his wristbands to wash his hands, evidently not on very good terms with himself. His wife put the doll's frock into her little ornamental basket and stood up to wait, watching him brush his hair. Then they were ready to go down.

"Clara."

"What?" she asked, turning round to him.

"Don't speak of this to any one, my darling. It really has annoyed me. I do not suppose Lady Ellis will."

"Of course I will not." And he bent his hot face over his wife's, and kissed it by way of thanks.

"What is she like?" asked Clara.

"Young and very good-looking."

A knock at the door. Mr. Lake opened it. There stood a fair girl of fifteen or sixteen, with soft brown eyes and a pale gentle face. Her hair, of a bright chestnut-brown, was worn plain, and her voice and manners were remarkably sweet and gentle. It was Anna Chester, Mrs. Chester's step-daughter. There was a sort of patient weary look about the girl, as if she had long had to do battle with care; her black merino dress, rather shabby, was only relieved by a bit of quilled white net round the throat, and plain stitched linen bands at the wrists.

"Mrs. Chester sent me to tell you that dinner is being taken in."

"We are ready for it. Here, Anna, wait a moment," added Mr. Lake, drawing her in and shutting the door. "What brings that Lady Ellis here? I thought she was not to come until Wednesday or Thursday."

"Neither was she," answered Anna. "It put us out very much this morning when we got her letter, because things were not ready. But we did the best we could."

"That accounts for Penelope's sharpness," remarked Mr. Lake. "But she could not have come from Cheltenham this morning, Anna!"

"No, from London. She left Cheltenham on Saturday, she told us, and wrote from London yesterday."

"Now then, you people!" called out Mrs. Chester's voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Come along, Anna," said Mr. Lake.

"Oh, I am not going to dine with you," was the girl's answer. "There would be nobody to see that the things went in properly, and to wash the forks and spoons."

For Mrs. Chester had not sufficient forks and spoons to serve for all her courses without washing. The dinner was made more elaborate than it need have been, in honor of the first appearance of Lady Ellis at table. Anna Chester spoke cheerfully, with patient meekness, as if it were her province to be put upon; and Robert Lake muttered an angry word in his wife's ear about Mrs. Chester's selfishness.

In the corridor they encountered Mary and Margaret Jupp, and all descended together. The party was going into the dining-room; Mrs. Chester had momentarily disappeared; Oliver was laughing with Lydia Clapperton; Mr. Lake went up to him and claimed to be introduced; the Miss Jupps seized upon Lady Ellis with greetings and reminiscences of old times; and altogether there was some confusion. Clara Lake, naturally retiring, slipped into the dining-room behind the rest, and took her seat unobtrusively by the side of Fanny Chester. So that it happened she was not introduced to Lady Ellis. That Indian widow, casting her roving eyes around, heard her called "Clara" once or twice by Mrs. Chester, and took her for the governess. A young curate in a straight coat down to his heels, made the tenth at table.

"Mamma said I was to dine here," whispered Fanny, confidentially to Mrs. Lake, "or else there would have been an odd number."

Mr. Lake took the foot of the table, and had Lady Ellis on his right. They talked together a great deal. Altogether it was a very social dinner, plenty of laughing. Anna Chester washed up spoons and forks outside the door, kept the little boys in order, and saw to things generally.

Dinner over, they went on the lawn, where a table was set out with wine and fruit and cakes. But none of them seemed inclined to sit down to it at first; preferring to disperse in groups, and flit about amidst the walks and flowers. Oliver Jupp appropriated Lydia Clapperton, and Mr. Lake was perfectly content that it should be so. For himself he was everywhere; now with Mary Jupp; now with Margaret; now with his sister; and now, and now, and now with Lady Ellis. Chiefly with her: and she by no means objected to the companionship. In short it was a delightful, unceremonious, laisser-aller sort of gathering, with Mrs. Chester seated in her weeds to play propriety, whilst her young boys, left to themselves, got into as much mischief as they possibly could.

"And so you found yourself restless at Cheltenham?" remarked Mr. Lake, as he and Lady Ellis emerged once more in the open ground from some one of the many side walks.

"I get restless everywhere. India suited me best. It may be different, perhaps, when once I settle down."

"I never saw Cheltenham. It is a charming place, according to report."

"At this season it is nothing but heat and dust. I did intend to stay there until the middle of this week; but I couldn't do it. I could not, Mr. Lake. So I went up to London on Saturday night, and wrote word to your sister that she must expect me on Monday."

They were crossing the lawn. Seated now near Mrs. Chester, at the table, was Clara Lake, who had been beguiled indoors by Fanny Chester to the doll's frock. That important work being accomplished, Clara had come out again. Lady Ellis—her black lace shawl draped artistically round her shoulders, and her very brilliant black eyes darting their glances here and there, fixed their light upon Clara.

"Who *is* that young lady, Mr. Lake?"

He looked surprised, and then smiled.

"Don't you know?"

"I don't know who she is. I know that she is one of the very boldest girls I ever saw."

"*She* bold!" returned Mr. Lake, in marked astonishment, while a flush darkened his cheek. "You are mistaken, Lady Ellis."

"Bold; and unseemly bold," repeated Lady Ellis. "I speak of that young lady who is now sitting by Mrs. Chester. Some of them called her 'Clara' at dinner. I thought she might be the governess—but she seems to take too much upon herself for that."

"I understand of whom you speak. But why do you call her bold?"

Lady Ellis was silent for a moment, and then lifted her head.

"When we have lived in India, have travelled—in short, have rubbed off the reserve and rusticity which experience of the world only can effect, we like to speak out our opinions, and call things by their right names. Half an hour ago you were with her in that walk, talking to her; she held your arm, and she suddenly clasped her other hand over it, and kept it there, turning her face up to yours with what looked very ardent admiration. It struck me as being not—not seemly."

Mr. Lake coughed down a laugh.

"She has a legal right to look in my face as ardently as she pleases; and you may fully believe me when I assure you that from her you will never witness aught unseemly. That young lady is my wife."

"Your—wife!" echoed Lady Ellis, taken utterly by surprise."

"My own wife." His saucy, blue eyes gazed into those amazed black ones, enjoying their confusion with an exceedingly saucy expression.

Lady Ellis burst into a laugh.

"Well, I suppose I must beg your pardon now. We all seem to be letting ourselves in for mistakes and blunders. I thought she was a young girl, and I did not know you were married."

"She does look young," he answered, his eyes following his wife's pretty figure, as she went towards the house with Mrs. Chester; "nevertheless she has been my wife these three years."

"You must have married early. Is it wise, think you, of a man to do so?"

"Wise?—In what respect?"

"Repentance might come. Men scarcely know their own minds before thirty."

"A great many of us risk it."

They sat down at the dessert-table, and Mr. Lake helped her to some wine and fruit. One of the little boys ran up and clamored for good things in the absence of his mother. Lady Ellis privately thought that children did not improve the social relations of the world.

Mrs. Chester had taken Clara to look at what she called the domestic arrangements, which in reality meant the kitchens and back premises in general. Encountering Miss Jupp as they went, she turned to accompany them.

"Had you come at the time you ought, I should have shown you over the house before dinner," grumbled Mrs. Chester, who could not forget the upsetting of her plans.

"Of course we were very sorry," spoke Mary Jupp. "It is so tiresome to put back one's dinner after it is at the fire. I should have been more cross than you, Mrs. Chester."

"What with one thing and another, I have been cross enough to-day," confessed Mrs. Chester, giving a jerk to her widow's cap, which never kept on two minutes together, wanting strings. "First of all, this morning, came Lady Ellis's letter to upset me, and with nothing ready for her!"

"Why did she come to-day?"

"Some whim, I suppose. It was a courteous letter of excuse—hoping I should pardon her, and begging me not to treat her as a stranger. How very handsome she is!"

"Her features are handsome," rejoined Mary Jupp; "but their expression is bad."

"Bad!" cried Mrs. Chester.

"I think so. There's nothing good or kind in them; and she's eaten up alive with vanity. You must take care of your husband, Clara, for she seems to covet his admiration."

Clara Lake, who was in advance, looked back and laughing merrily.

"How can you put such notions in her head?" spoke Mrs. Chester, severely. "Robert Lake's manners with women are in the highest degree absurd; but there's no need for his wife to be reminded of it to her face."

"I don't mind being reminded of it, Mrs. Chester. It means nothing."

"Of course it does not. I only hope Lady Ellis will not take offence at him. What age is she, I wonder—five-and-twenty?"

"Five-and-thirty, if she's a day!" spoke Mary Ann Jupp, in her strong decision. "She is made-up, you know—cosmetics and that, and dresses to look young. But just look quietly at her when the sun is on her face."

"But she cannot be that age."

"I think she is. I will ask mamma when I get home. She knows."

The subject dropped. Mrs. Chester took them round the house, and in at the back door, showing one thing, explaining another. The larder and the dairy were first entered.

"That is what was once the dairy," observed Mrs. Chester. "Of course, I want nothing of the sort, not possessing cows. It will do to keep herbs, and pots, and pans in. This is the kitchen," she continued, turning into a large, convenient room on the right of the boarded passage.

"Why, it *is* like print?" exclaimed Mary Jupp, in her hasty way. "There's not a speck of dirt about it; everything is in its place. How in the world have they got it into this order so soon after dinner?"

"This is the best kitchen," exclaimed Mrs. Chester; "they cook in the other. Don't you see that there is no fire? We shall use this in winter, but while the weather is so hot, I like the cooking done as far from the sitting-rooms as possible. Farm-houses generally have two kitchens, you know. The other is in the yard. You can come and see it."

They went out of the room, but Clara did not. She stood rooted to the spot, like one in a trance, rather than a living, breathing woman. She glanced here, she glanced there; at the doors, the large window, the fire-place; at the furniture, and position of everything. Her breathing came softly; she pressed her brow to make sure she was awake.

Mrs. Chester and Mary Jupp came back, and she had not stirred: her cheek was pale, her hands were clasped, she looked very like a statue. Mrs. Chester began explaining where the several doors led to: one down to the cellar, one to the coal-house, one to the dairy, and one to a china closet; four in all, besides the entrance door. Both of them were too busy to notice her.

"Are you coming, Clara?" asked Miss Jupp, as they went out.

"Directly," she replied, speaking quietly. "Mary, I wish you would find my husband, and tell him I want him here for a minute."

"You want to show him what a model place it is," cried Mrs. Chester, complacently. "Do so, Clara. *He* will never have such a kitchen in his house."

Mary Jupp delivered the message to Mr. Lake, who was still at the table, and peeling a pear for Lady Ellis. The objectionable boy had disappeared. He came away when he had finished his job, leaving the two ladies together. Mrs. Chester had hastened in dire wrath after the other of her mischievous young sons, who was climbing up a prickly tree, to the detriment of his clothes.

"I had no idea until just now that Mr. Lake was a married man," observed Lady Ellis to Mary Jupp, as she leisurely eat her pear.

"No! Then whom did you suppose Mrs. Lake was?"

"I did not suppose anything about it; I did not know she was Mrs. Lake. Have they been married long?"

"About three years."

"Ah, yes; I think he said so. Any children?"

"There was one. A beautiful little child; but it died. Do you not think her very lovely? It is so sweet a face!"

Lady Ellis shrugged her shoulders.

"She has no style. And she seems as much wrapt up in her husband as though they had been married yesterday."

"Why should she not be?" bluntly asked Miss Jupp. "I only hope when I am married—if ever that's to be—that I and my husband shall be as happy and united as they are."

"As *she* is," spoke Lady Ellis. "I would not answer for him."

Mary Jupp felt cross. It occurred to her that somebody might have been whispering tales about Mr. Lake's nonsensical flirtation with her sister Rose: and purely innocent nonsense, on both sides, she knew that to be.

"Young Lake is one of those men who cannot live without flirtation," she observed, "who admire every woman they meet, and take care to let her know it. His wife can afford to laugh at it, knowing that his love is exclusively hers."

Lady Ellis drew down the corners of her mouth and coughed a little cough of mocking disbelief; for which Mary Jupp, upright and high-principled, could have scolded her for an hour.

"So very old-fashioned, those notions, my dear Miss Jupp. Love!"

"Old-fashioned, are they?" fired Mary.

"A woman hazards more than she perhaps bargains for, when she ties herself, for better or for worse, to one of these attractive men: but of course she must put up with the consequences."

"What consequences?" exclaimed Mary Jupp, feeling herself puzzled by the speech altogether.

"The seeing herself a neglected wife: the seeing others preferred before her—as she must inevitably do when her own short reign is over."

"Had you to experience that?" sharply asked Mary Jupp, intending the question as a sting.

"I!" equably returned Lady Ellis. "My husband had nothing attractive about him, and was as old as Adam. I spoke of the wives of fascinating men; others may humdrum on to their graves, and be 'at peace.'"

"I don't see what there is to fascinate in young Lake. He is light-headed and careless, if that means fascination."

"Ah," superciliously remarked Lady Ellis, playing with her jet chain.

They were interrupted by Margaret Jupp, who came up with Mrs. Chester. The young lady, hearing of the expedition to the kitchens, was not pleased to have been omitted, so Mrs. Chester was going to do the honors again.

"I think there's nothing so nice as looking over a house," said Margaret. "Kitchens have great interest for me."

"I suppose I may not ask to be of the party?" interposed Lady Ellis, looking at Mrs. Chester.

"Certainly you may: why not?" And they slowly strolled across the lawn on the expedition.

Meanwhile Mr. Lake in obedience to the summons, had found his wife in the large kitchen. She was still standing in the middle of the floor, just as though she had been glued to it.

"Did you want me, Clara?"

"Do come here," she whispered, in quite an awe-struck tone. And Mr. Lake wondering a little, stepped up and stood beside her. Clara, touching his arm, pointed to different features of the room, turning about to do it.

"Do you see them, Robert? Do you remember?"

"I have not been in the kitchen before," was his answer, after a pause, looking curiously at the room and then at her.

"It is the kitchen of my dream!"

"The what?" exclaimed Mr. Lake.

"The kitchen I saw in my dream."

He barely stopped an irreverent laugh. What he saw upon her face arrested it.

"It is," she whispered, her voice sounding strangely hollow, as though some great physical change had taken place within. "I described its features to you that night, and now you may see them. We—we are standing in the same position!" she burst forth more eagerly, as if the fact had but that moment occurred to her. "See! I was here, you on that side of me, as you are now; here was the small round dark table close to us; there is the large window, with the ironing-board underneath it; there, to the left, are the dresser and the shelves, and even the very plates and dishes upon them—"

"Of the precise willow pattern," put in Mr. Lake.

"There, behind us, is the fire-place; and around are the several doors, in the very self-same places that I saw them," she continued, too eager to notice or heed the mocking interruption. "I told you it looked like a farm-house kitchen, large and bleak: you may see that it does, now."

"I shall begin to think that you are dreaming still," he returned.

"I wish I was! I wish I had never seen in reality the kitchen of that dream. I did not at the first moment recognize it. When I came in with Mrs. Chester and Mary Jupp, the place struck me as being familiar, and I was just going to say to them, 'I must have been here before,' when my dream flashed upon me like a chill. I felt awe-struck—sick; I feel so yet."

"This beats spirit-rapping," said Mr. Lake. "Let us lay hold of the table, and see whether it won't turn."

"*Why* will you turn it into mockery?" she resumed, her tone one of sharp pain. "You know that dream seemed to foretell my death."

"I declare to goodness, Clara, you will make me angry!" was his retort, his voice changing to severity. "What has come over you these last few days?"

"That dream has come over me," she replied, with a shiver. "I thought it was done with; done with by the accident of last night; and now the sight of this kitchen has renewed it in all its horror. If you could, only for a minute, feel as I am feeling, you would not wonder at me."

Her state of mind appeared to him most unaccountable: not foolish; that was not the word; far worse than foolish—obstinate and unreasonable. Never in his life had he spoken so sharply to her as he spoke now. Perhaps his recent intercourse with that equable woman of the world, Sir George's relict, had given him new ideas. "I should be sorry to feel it, even for a minute; I should be ashamed to do so: and I feel ashamed for you. What did you want with me?"

"To show you the kitchen. To tell you this."

He gave vent to an impatient word, and turned angrily to the door. She, her heart bursting, went forward to the window. Just so had it been in the dream; just so had they seemed to part, he going to the door and she to the window; just so had been her sharp conviction of coming evil. Mr. Lake looked back at her; she had laid her head against the wall near the window; her hands dropped down; in her whole air there was an utter agony of abandonment. His better nature returned to him, and he walked across the kitchen. As he drew her face from the wall he saw that it was white, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Clara," he exclaimed, as he took her to himself, "must I treat you and soothe you as I would a child?"

"No, treat me as your wife," she passionately answered, breaking into a storm of sobs.

He suffered her to sob for a few moments,

until the paroxysm had spent itself, and then spoke; in a tone of remonstrance, it is true, but with deep tenderness. "Is it possible that you can allow a foolish superstition, a dream, to cause this wild grief?"

"It is not the dream that is causing the *grief*. You are causing that: you never so spoke to me: when I said it might foretell my death, you turned my words into ridicule. It is as if you do not care whether I live or die."

"Clara, you know better. What can I do for you. How can I soothe you?"

"Do not speak to me in that tone again."

"My dearest, I will do anything you wish in reason; you know I will, but you must not ask me to put faith in a dream. And if my voice sounded harsh—why, it would vex any man to find his wife so foolish."

"Well, well, it shall pass; I will not vex you with it again. If any ill does come, it must; and if not—"

"If not, you will acknowledge what a silly child you have been," he interrupted, kissing the scalding tears from her face.

"Silly, and superstitious, if you will," she whispered, "but not a child. I think I am less a child at heart than many who are older, Robert, if you ever grew unkind to me, I should die."

"That I never shall, my darling."

Standing outside the half-opened door, taking a leisurely survey through the chink, was Lady Ellis, having come noiselessly along the passage matting; not purposely to deceive, she was not aware there was anything to see, but her footsteps were soft, her movements had mostly something cat-like about them. She saw his face bent on his wife's, and heard his kisses, all but heard his sweet words; heard quite enough to imagine them. An ugly look of envy, or something akin to it, rose momentarily to her pale features. Legitimate love such as this had never been hers. Mr. Lake was what she had called him, an attractive man. He had that day paid her attentions, said sentimental nothings to her in a low voice; and there are some women who would fain keep such men to themselves, whether they may have wives or not; nay, their having a wife is only an inducement the more. Was Lady Ellis one?

The smile changed its character for that of mockery. It flashed into my lady's mind that this little domestic scene was one of reconciliation after dispute, and that the dispute must have had its natural rise in those recent attentions paid to herself. The voices of Mrs. Chester and Margaret Jupp were heard approaching, and she made her safe way back to them.

"Let it pass, let it pass, Clara," Mr. Lake said hastily to his wife, hearing the voices also. "My dear, there is no *reason* in your fear. What harm do you suppose can arise from your visit here? There is no chance of a breakdown again as we go home."

"It is just that—that I cannot see any probability of harm. But I gave you my word just now to say no more about the matter, and I will keep it."

"Come and walk in the air, it will do you good. Your eyes are as red as if you had been crying for a day, Clara."

Lady Ellis pushed the door open and came in, followed by the others. Mrs. Chester began expatiating upon the conveniences of the kitchen, its closets and cupboards, and Mr. Lake and his wife slipped away. My lady, looking from the window, saw him pass it towards the kitchen garden, his wife upon his arm.

CHAPTER V.

RED, OR GREEN?

The inquest on those killed by the railway accident took place on the Tuesday morning. Numbers were attracted to the spot, impatient to hear the evidence. Reports had been busy as to the conflicting nature of the testimony expected to be given, and excitement was at its height. While one party openly asserted that Cooper, the driver, was falsely trying to "whiten" himself, and so avoid punishment for his carelessness; the station-master was the less loudly accused of having been the one in fault, and with "taking away the man's character."

Amidst the crowd, meeting at Coombe Dalton, were Mr. Lake and Oliver Jupp: the one went from Guild, the other from Katterley. Oliver Jupp, with his sisters, said adieu to Mrs. Chester on the Monday evening, and returned home: Mr. Lake and his wife stayed at Guild. Curiosity or interest in the proceedings, or opposition in their own opinions, took them both. Mr. Lake felt certain that Cooper spoke truth in saying the green light was exhibited, not the red; would have been ready to stake his life upon it. Oliver Jupp, relying upon his own eyesight, upheld the side of the station-master. Each one had maintained tenaciously his own opinion when discussing the affair at Mrs. Chester's; and they would not have missed the inquest for the world.

In the largest room that the small inn at Coombe Dalton could afford, the coroner and jury assembled, and proceedings commenced. About the cause of death there could be no doubt; and it needed not the testimony of old Dr. Marlow of Katterley, who had been the first doctor to arrive at the spot on the Sunday night, to prove it. However, the requirements of law must be obeyed, and he was there with sundry of his brethren. Next came the evidence as to the cause of the accident.

The station-master, one porter, and a "switch-man," comprised the officials who had been at the station on the Sunday night. They all gave their testimony in a very positive and unequivocal manner: that the red lights were exhibited to give warning of danger, and that the train, in reckless defiance of the red, came dashing on, and so caused the catastrophe.

"What was the danger?" officially inquired the coroner.

"Some trucks were on the line just beyond the station, and had to be shunted," replied the station-master. "Three minutes would have done it; and the train would not have been kept waiting longer than that, had it only stopped."

"What brought the trucks on the line just as the train was expected to pass?"

"They couldn't be shunted before, because the coal wagons were in the way."

"Why were the coal wagons there just then?"

"Because an engine had gone on and left them there."

And so on; and so on—engine, and coal wagons, and shunting, and trucks. It was like "the house that Jack built." Nobody had been in fault, apparently, or done anything wrong, except the miserable train that had dashed on to its destruction, and its still more miserable driver, Matthew Cooper.

Cooper came forward and asked leave to give his evidence. The coroner cautioned him; he thought he had better not; it might be used against him. But Cooper persisted; and he stood there to say what he had to say, his pale face, surrounded by its bandages, earnest and anxious.

"I'll say nothing but the truth, sir. If that is to be used against me, why I can't help it. I'd not tell a lie even to screen myself."

He took his own course, and gave his evidence. It was to the effect that the green lights were exhibited as usual that night, not the red. The coroner felt a little staggered. He knew Cooper to be a steady, reliable, truth-telling man. One of the witnesses observed, as if in continuation of what Cooper had just said, that "Mat Cooper wouldn't tell a lie to screen himself from nothing." The coroner had hitherto believed the same.

"Did you look at the lights?" he asked of Cooper.

"I looked at both, sir. The lamp that was at the near end of the station, and the lamp on the signal-post beyond it."

"And you say they were the green lights?"

"That they were, sir. The same green lights that are always up. He had taken the light off the post, and was swaying it about, and I couldn't conceive what he was doing it for."

"But here are three witnesses, the station-master and the two men, who have sworn that the red signals were up, and not the green," persisted the coroner. "It is very strange that you should maintain the contrary."

"The three may be in a league together to say so, and hide their own negligence," audibly interposed the voice of some zealous partisan from the most crowded part of the room. Upon which the coroner threatened to commit anybody so interrupting, for contempt of himself and the court.

"All I can say is, sir, that there was no difference, that night, in the lights from those exhibited on other nights," returned Cooper. "They were the green light, and not the red; and if I had to die the next minute, I'd say it."

Which was altogether unsatisfactoy to the coroner and puzzling to the jury. Most of them knew Cooper well, and would have trusted him; his voice and face, now as he spoke, bore their own testimony to his truth. On the other side, the three station people, who were not to discredited, gave him the lie direct.

"Did you see the red light swung about?" continued the coroner.

"No, sir. I saw the green; and I couldn't think what it was being swung about for."

Cooper held to this, and nothing more could be got from him—that is, nothing to a different effect. He would have descanted on its being the green light until night, had the coroner allowed him. When he was done with, a gentleman presented himself for examination. It was Colonel West.

"Can you state anything about this matter, colonel?" asked the coroner, when he had exchanged bows with the voluntary witness.

"Yes, I can, if you will allow me to be sworn."

And sworn he was.

"In anxiety to see justice done to the driver, I have come here to offer my testimony," began the colonel, addressing the coroner and jury. "I am enabled to state that the light exhibited on the signal-post, and which the man took down and swayed about, was green. When the driver asserts that it was not red, he speaks the truth."

Some excitement. The coroner drew in his lips, the jury put their heads together. Colonel West stood bolt upright, waiting to be questioned.

"Were you at the station?" inquired the coroner of the witness.

"No; I was in my garden, which is precisely opposite the signal-post on the other side of the line. I was walking about in it, smoking a cigar. I heard the train approaching, and I saw the man take the lamp off the post, lean forward, and swing it about, evidently to attract attention. A minute afterwards the accident happened."

"And you say this was not the red light?"

"It was not. It was the light that is generally up, the green."

The coroner gave an expressive look at the station-master, which spoke volumes, and the latter looked red and indignant. Colonel West reiterated his assertion, as if willing that all should be impressed with the truth, and with the injustice attempted to be dealt to Cooper. Then he stood down.

There ensued a commotion: at least, if numerous tongues can constitute it. The coroner interposed to stop it and restore order. When the noise had subsided, Oliver Jupp was standing by the table in Colonel West's place. One of the jury inquired of him why he was put forward.

"I don't know," returned Oliver. "Somebody pushed me up. I happened to mention that I saw the light in question exhibited and swayed about: I suppose it is for that."

"Oh, you saw it, did you," said the coroner. "Swear this witness."

Oliver Jupp took the oath accordingly, and the coroner began.

"Which light was it, the red or the green?"

"The red."

There was a pause. Perhaps more than one present thought of the old fable of the chameleon. The room fixed its eyes on Oliver Jupp.

"From whence did you see it?" demanded the coroner.

"I was in the train returning from Guild. As we got to Coombe Dalton station I looked out at the window, and saw a red light being waved about. I remarked it to my sisters, who were in the carriage with me, and one of them observed that if it was the red light there must be danger. The accident occurred almost as she spoke."

"Are you sure it was the red light, sir?" inquired one of the jury, all of whom had been so particularly impressed with Colonel West's evidence.

"Certain."

"And of course he could have no motive in saying anything but the truth," remarked the juryman to another, who seemed in a state of perplexity.

"I a motive!" haughtily observed Oliver, taking up the words. "I am put here simply to state what I saw, I expect; neither more nor less. I am sorry to give evidence that may tell against Cooper, who is respected in Katterley, but I am bound to say that it was the red light."

"Don't you think you might have been mistaken, sir?" came the next query; for Oliver Jupp's word, a young and little man, bore less weight than Colonel West's, who counted five-and-fifty years, and stood six feet two in his stockings.

"I was not mistaken. It was the red light."

Colonel West was recalled. What else could they do in the dilemma? He stood forward, and Oliver Jupp hid his head amid the ignoble crowd close behind.

With an apology for the apparent doubt, the same question was put to him. Did he think *he* could have been mistaken in supposing the light was the green.

"Not a bit of it," the colonel answered, with good-humored equanimity. The lights exhibited that night were the same that always were exhibited—green. The light he saw swayed about was the green.

"Well," exclaimed the coroner, "there's hard swearing somewhere."

And hard swearing there certainly appeared to be. As a spectator audibly remarked, "one could not find an end out of it." The coroner got impatient.

"It is impossible at the present stage to come to any satisfactory conclusion, gentlemen of the jury," he observed; "and I think we had better adjourn the inquiry, when other witnesses may be forthcoming."

Adjourned it was accordingly for a fortnight.

"But for Colonel West they'd have had it all against me," remarked Cooper, who was feeling himself wronged.

"But for Colonel West there'd have been no further bother," cried the aggrieved station-master, who thought Cooper ought to have been committed for trial on the spot.

It was certainly singular that the only two witnesses, apart from those interested, should testify so positively in exact opposition to each other. As the spectators poured out of the inquest-room, they formed into knots to discuss it. Neither the one nor the other had any interest to favor the station people or to screen Cooper; and, indeed, both were above suspicion of anything of the sort. Colonel West had never before heard of Cooper; Oliver Jupp knew him, and was evidently sorry to give evidence against him. On the other hand, Oliver Jupp did not know the station-master, while Colonel West was friendly with him.

"Will you go back with me to Guild, and stay the rest of the day?" asked Mr. Lake, putting his arm within Oliver Jupp's.

"Can't," returned Oliver. "Promised them at home to get back with the verdict as soon as it was over."

"But there is no verdict."

"All the same; they'll want to know the why and the wherefore."

"As if you could not keep the girls waiting for once!"

"It's not the girls, it's the old folks; and Guild has no charms for me to-day. Lydia Clapperton's gone."

Mr. Lake laughed. "I say, Jupp, how could you swear so hard about the lights?"

"They swore me. I didn't ask for it."

"I mean against Cooper."

"You would not have me say the light was green when it was red?"

"Colonel West says it was green; he was close to it."

"Moonshine," quietly repeated Oliver. "What on earth causes him to say it I can't make out. Look there"—holding out the end of the cigar he had lighted, and was smoking—"what color do you call that?"

"Red. All the world could tell that."

"Why don't you say it's green?"

"Because it is not green."

"Just so. Neither was the red lamp."

"Cooper is a reliable man; I don't believe the poor fellow would tell a lie to save himself from hanging; and Colonel West is of known honor; both of them assert that the lights were green."

"I swear that the light exhibited and swung about was *red*," retorted Oliver Jupp. "There; let it drop. Are you and Mrs. Lake coming home to-night?"

"No. It was uncertain what time I might reach Guild after the inquest, and Mrs. Chester seized upon it as a plea for urging us to remain another night. She wants us to stay for the week, but I don't think we shall. Clara seems rather averse to it."

They parted at the station Oliver Jupp taking the train for Katterley; and with him we have nothing more to do at present. Mr. Lake got into the train for Guild.

Upon arriving at Mrs. Chester's he found the house empty. Going from room to room in search of them, he at length came upon Anna Chester, mending socks and pinafores.

"Where are they all?"

"I think they have gone to see the late rose show," she said; "there's one in the town to-day."

He stood by while she folded some pinafores she had finished. Her hands were quick; her sweet face was full of patient gentleness.

"It is not the right thing for you, Anna."

"It is pleasant work. I have been obliged to be useful all my life, you know."

"I don't mean that. Why should you be left at home, while they all go to a flower-show?"

A bloom, bright as any rose in the famous show, shone in the girl's cheeks. She loved flowers, and looked up with a happy expression.

"Perhaps time will be found for me to go to-morrow; mamma said so. It will be only sixpence then."

"And to-day it's a shilling, I suppose?"

"Yes."

Mr. Lake nodded his head once or twice in a rather marked manner, but did not give utterance to his thoughts, whatever they might be. Anna resumed.

"I do all the work I can—of sewing and other kinds. It has cost mamma so much to get into this house, with the new things she has been obliged to buy, that she says she is nearly ruined. With Lady Ellis here, and only two servants, we could not get along at all but for my looking to everything."

Mr. Lake went off muttering something about Penelope's selfishness. That Anna was put upon quite like another Cinderella he had long known, and his sense of fairness rose up against it.

"If the girl was a tyrant she'd not have stood it for a day," he cried, as he flung himself down on a bench and raked the gravel with his cane. "A meek temper is a misfortune."

A short while, and he heard the keys of the piano touched in the drawing-room; a soft, sweet, musical voice broke out gently in song. He knew it for Anna's. She had finished her work, and was snatching a moment for music, having come in to get the table ready for tea. The open piano tempted her. Mr. Lake listened through the song—an old one; and put his head in at the window as she was rising.

"Sing another for me, Anna."

She started round with a blush. To believe you are singing for yourself, and then find you have an audience, is not agreeable.

"Oh, Mr. Lake! I did not know you were there."

"Just another, Anna."

"I cannot sing for you. I know only old songs."

"They are better than the new ones. The one you have just sung, 'Ye banks and braes,' is worth any ten that have been issued of late years."

"I feel quite ashamed to sing them before people; I am laughed at when I do. Lady Ellis stopped her ears this morning. Papa loved the old songs, and did not care that I should sing new ones; so I never learnt any."

He took up a book of music much worn, "Old songs," as Anna called them. Her mother used to sing them in her youth, and the Reverend James Chester had learnt to love them. "Robin Adair," "The Banks of Allan Water," "Pray Goody," "The Baron of Mobray," "She never blamed him," "The Minstrel-boy," and many others.

It was in his hand, and Anna stood looking over his shoulder, laughing at what Mrs. Chester sometimes called the "ancient bygones." On the table lay a drawing that Anna had done, betraying talent; the more especially when it was remembered that she could never sit to that, or anything else, for five minutes at a time. Up and down continually: called by Mrs. Chester, called by the children, called by the servants. She had never had a lesson in drawing in her life, she had never learnt to sing: what she did do was the result of native aptitude for it.

Mr. Lake had the drawing in his hand when the party entered, trooping in unceremoniously through the window, the children first. Lady Ellis's black-lace shawl was draped around her in its usual artistic fashion, and she wore a bonnet that could not by any stretch of imaginative politeness be construed into a widow's. Clara was with her, her refined face bright and radiant. The two were evidently on good terms with each other.

Mrs. Chester did not enter with them. Her household cares worried her, now that things must wear a good appearance for the new inmate, Lady Ellis. She came in presently from the hall, a cross look on her face, and spoke sharply to Anna. Selfish naturally, made intensely so by her struggle to get along, Mrs. Chester appeared to think that for her step-daughter to be in the drawing-room and not in the kitchen, though it were but for a few minutes in the day, was a heinous crime.

"Robert," she said, addressing her brother, "I wish you'd come up to my room while I take my bonnet off. I have a letter to show you."

He followed her dutifully, just as he used when he was a little boy and she a woman grown. Mrs. Chester's room, which she shared with Fanny, was small and inconvenient. Sweeping a host of things off a chair to the floor in her untidy way, she graciously told him he might sit there, but he preferred to perch himself on a corner of the dressing-table.

"I'm torn to pieces with indecision and uncertainty," she began, taking a letter from a drawer. "I begin to think now it might have been better had I adhered to my first thought—that of taking pupils. Only look at the thing I have missed!"

He held out his hand for the letter, which she struck as she spoke. In her dictatorial manner she preferred to read it to him, and waved his hand away.

"The Red Court Farm, Coastdown.

"MADAM—"I have been advised to write to you by my friends here, Captain and Mrs. Copp. They think you are making arrangements to receive half-a-dozen first-class pupils to educate with your own daughter. I am in search of something of the sort for my daughter, Miss Thornycroft, and it is possible that your house may be found suitable. She will require the best advantages, for which I shall expect to pay accordingly.

"With your permission I will drive over one of these first days and see you.

"And I am, madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"HARRY THORNYCROFT.

"Mrs. Chester."

"Who is Harry Thornycroft?" were Mr. Lake's first words when her voice ceased.

"I should have been as much at fault to know as you, but for a note Anna has had from Mrs. Copp, giving a little explanation. Mr. Thornycroft is the great man of Coastdown, it seems; a country magistrate, very influential, and very rich. Mrs. Copp thinks he would pay quite two hundred a year with his daughter."

"And Mrs. Copp—who is she?" repeated Mr. Lake. "And where in the name of geography is Coastdown?"

"We shall never get on if you bother like this," returned Mrs. Chester, irascibly. "Mrs. Copp and Anna's mother were related; and Coastdown is a little place on the sea, about two-and-twenty miles from here. Only fancy—only *think*—two hundred a year with the first pupil! If I only got three others at the same terms, there'd be eight hundred a year at once—a thousand with my own income. It would be quite delightful."

"But that's reckoning your chickens before they are hatched."

"I might have known that you'd throw some mocking slight upon it," was the angry retort.

"No mocking slight at all, Penelope. I do not mean it as such. Of course, if you could get four or six pupils at two hundred a year each, it would be a jolly good thing. Only—I fancy pupils on those terms are not so readily picked up."

"*One*, at any rate, seems ready to drop into my hands. Should Miss Thornycroft not be placed with me after this, I shall look upon life as very hard."

"Can't you take her, should they offer her to you, and trust to good luck for finding others?"

"Then what am I to do about Lady Ellis?"

"Keep her also, if she will stay."

"But she would not. I sounded her this morning. Not as if I had a personal interest in the question. Anything like a school was her especial abhorrence, she said. She'd not enter a house where teaching was carried on for the world."

"So that you have to choose between the young lady with two hundred a year and Lady Ellis!"

"In a sense, yes. But I have a difficult game to play. It strikes me that at the very first mention of a *probable* pupil Lady Ellis would take fright and leave. Now, you know, Robert, I have not got Miss Thornycroft yet, or even the promise of her; and it might happen that the negotiation would drop through. Where should I be in that case, with Lady Ellis gone?"

"On the ground, fallen between two stools," was Mr. Robert Lake's irreverent answer.

It angered Mrs. Chester; but she had an end to serve, and let it pass.

"I want you and your wife to do me a favor, Robert. Stay here for a week or two with us, paying me, of course; you know what my circumstances are. My heart would be good to keep you, but my pocket is not. I am so afraid of Lady Ellis finding the place dull. She has come for a month to see how she likes it. I forget whether I told you this yesterday. On Monday, when we were talking together after her arrival, she said to me, 'You will allow me to stay a month to see if the place will suit me; if it does, we will then make our agreement.' What could I say?"

"And you fear it may not suit her?"

"I fear she will find it dull. She said this morning she thought the house would be triste but for the presence in it of Mr. and Mrs. Lake. Now, you do me a good turn, and stay a week or two."

"I'd stay fast enough, Penelope—there's the fishing; but I don't know about Clara. You must talk to her."

"*You* must talk to her," returned Mrs. Chester. "Nobody else has a tenth of the influence over her that you have."

"I'll see," said Mr. Lake, alighting from the dressing-table. "We'll stay a day or two longer, at any rate: I know I can promise that."

Mr. Lake went straight to his wife, and recounted to her, word for word, as nearly as he could recollect, what Mrs. Chester had said. There was nothing covert in his disposition: his fault, if it was a fault, was undisguised openness. But he did not urge the matter one way or the other. Clara looked grave at the proposition, and he left it to her.

"I said we would remain a day or two longer, Clara. I thought you would not object to that, as it is to do her, as she fancies, good."

"I don't mind staying to the end of the week, Robert, now we are here. We will go home on Saturday, if you like."

"All right." And Mr. Lake strolled away in his careless lightness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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D. LANDRETH & SON, whose advertisement of "Prince Edward Island Oats" will be found in an adjoining column, have sent a sample to our office. A critical examination of them has convinced us of their great weight, as compared with those of Pennsylvania growth. It may be that our climate will not produce such as they are; but it is certainly worth trial, and he cannot be termed a progressive farmer who, through simple fear of deterioration, should fail to use so desirable an opportunity to improve his stock. feb13-6t

☞ The London Spectator thinks that the United States has "that greatest of evils—an aristocracy of jobbing politicians." The Spectator is right. We have a regular aristocracy in this country, composed in great part of very mean material. All nominations to office have to be made from this class—it being sufficient honor for other men to endorse their selections at the polls, and to pay the heavy taxes made necessary in a great degree by their extravagance and corruption.

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☞ Southern farmers sow a portion of corn seed with wheat. When the latter is up they top dress with same, which is said to be a quick manure.

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During the past few weeks a machine, driven by steam, has been at work in Manchester setting type automatically. It has been visited by many printers and machinists, who pronounce it a decided success. The inventor, Mr. Mackie, a native of Manchester, and who has already made several machines for distributing and setting type—machines of singular ingenuity—claims for the one to which we refer as follows:—

All brain work, except "justification," may be done anywhere, and by persons who never need see a type. Narrow paper is perforated by a tiny machine with fourteen keys only for one hundred kinds of letters, and twenty keys for two hundred. This perforating can be done at the rate of a Times column of minion per hour. The actual composing of the type is done by a horizontal wheel machine, having on its rim as many kinds of type as required, which are placed one on the top of another in endless lines, at the rate of two hundred a minute.

The composer is driven by steam, by foot or hand, and when the endless perforated paper is attached to it, it works automatically. The justification will be done by stickfuls. The paper used for the perforations may be old copies of the Times; new paper cost 1d. per column. Errors are reduced to a minimum. The composing machine makes none, and the perforating one only when the operator is careless. Duplicates may be perforated at one time, and lent, sold, or used on two or more machines, and for different sizes of type. The same perforations distribute the type automatically.

The perforated paper may be used years after for future and corrected editions. Stereotyping is therefore not needed. One edition may be set in nonpareil and another in pica from the same perforation. Small type is set with the same rapidity as large. An author may do his own perforations, and thus save the chief cost of his work. Intelligent women may perforate at home for offices any distance away. Authors may send perforated slips instead of "early sheets" abroad, and by putting on a number of composing machines a foreign publisher might have an ordinary volume out in a day or two. The reserve force which these machines will give is worthy of attention. Six perforators and three composers will set a Times page in an hour. An office having six of such machines in stock—and they take up little room—could run up two pages of late matter in an hour.—*English Paper.*

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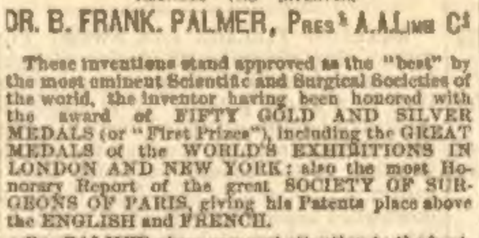

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mar14-tf

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One of the following articles: 42 *yards Sheeting*, pair Honeycomb Quilts, Cylinder Watch, 4 yds. double width Waterproof Cloaking, Ladies' Double Wool Shawl, Lancaster Quilt, Alpaca Dress Pattern, Engraved Silver Plated six-bottled Revolving Castor, set of Ivory Handled Knives, with Silver Plated Forks, pair of All-Wool Blankets, pair of Alhambra Quilts, thirty yards Print or a Marseilles Quilt, Double Eight Keyed Accordeon, Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary (600 engravings, 900 pages), 8¾ yds. Doeskin for suit, &c.

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FAIR.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Fair for his sake who thinks me fair,
Fair for none other can I be.
Ah, what new change shall fairness wear
That his sweet eyes be pleased of me?—
How vain in love I seem to grow!
No matter: love will have it so.

Fair but for him who finds me fair;
And fairer still these flowers shall make
I tangle round my brow and hair—
While southern-warm their odors break.
How very, very vain I grow!
No matter—love will have it so.

Fair but for him who thinks me fair.
These golden arts I now amass
On throat and arm shall make more rare
The sight of me. Oh regal glass,
If words were thine, what words would flow!
No matter; love will have it so.

He comes. Ah, will he find me fair,
And shall I find him grown more fond?
"Oh, sweet, you are not what you are;
Your simple smile is far beyond!"
Oh, Jealousy! Well, there they go—
What matter; he will have it so!

—*Galaxy.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

Playing with Forrest.

Not many years ago one of the most successful and enterprising of the present American managers was a scene-painter at a Boston theatre. But, though apparently devoted to the pencil and brush, he felt within him the soul of Roscius rather than of Beverly, and secretly longed for histrionic fame. To tread the boards before admiring thousands—to appear in front of the scenes instead of painting them—this was his ardent but concealed ambition. How his ambition was gratified, and with what results, is a story too long reserved by Manager S—— for his private friends.

In the course of a starring tour Edwin Forrest came to Boston, and S—— was delighted.

There was an actor! How he should like to play with Forrest! In a freak of good humor Fortune gave him the opportunity. Damon and Pythias was announced, with Mr. Forrest as Damon; but no one would undertake the part of Lucullus.

Perhaps you have seen the play? If not, let me inform you that Lucullus is the faithful slave of Damon, who kills his master's horse to prevent him from returning to die instead of Pythias. When Damon finds that his horse is dead he abuses Lucullus violently, and this scene always "brings down the house."

Mr. Forrest is the most muscular of tragedians, and reports of the manner in which he vented his fury in Damon and Pythias had reached Boston, and caused the minor actors to shirk the part of Lucullus.

Thus came the chance for which S—— had long and eagerly waited. He volunteered his services; and the great tragedian, after critically inspecting the slight boyish figure of S——, accepted the volunteer and rehearsed with him. The rehearsals all went smoothly.

"Here I seize you," said Mr. Forrest.

"Certainly, sir," replied S——, cheerfully.

"Here I push you off at your first entrance," said Mr. Forrest.

"Quite right, sir," replied S——, who was getting on capitally.

"You must give yourself up to me," said Mr. Forrest.

"Never fear, sir!" replied S——, with a trusting smile.

The eventful night arrived. S—— was beautifully attired in spotless tights and a Roman tunic. His handsome face was whitened and rouged. His hair had been most becomingly dressed. The whole company admired him as he stood in a most graceful attitude at the wing. Then his cue was given, and he walked upon the stage, "a thing of beauty." He knelt; he spoke his little lines with modest emphasis.

Suddenly the muscular tragedian advanced upon him, like an angry tiger upon a gentle lamb; seized him; shook him in the air; threw him from side to side; released him, only to pounce upon him again, like a cat playing with a mouse; held him out at arm's length, amid the eager plaudits of the gallery boys, and at last flung him out of sight through the first entrance, and landed him in front of the prompter's box, a dirty, sore, perspiring, dishevelled, bruised, disgusted heap of humanity.

"Ah!" said a friend, coming up to him as he lay panting upon the floor, "I see you have been playing with Forrest."

"No!" groaned poor S——, trying in vain to rise, "Forrest has been playing with me! And a nice object he's made of me."

The next morning S—— respectfully declined to appear as Lucullus again.

A Fool's Answer.

In years gone by there was a Baptist clergyman, called Elder Stone, who preached at Bellcodia, Monroe county, New York. One day the reverend old elder sawed off a block of wood to make a beetle, and commenced to bore a hole through it to put in a handle; but owing to the shortness of the block, it would not lie still, but would turn with the auger. A half-witted fellow, commonly called Albright's fool—Bill Albright by name—came along and said in a lisping manner:

"Elder Stone, I can tell you how to bore your beetle; put it in a hog trough, and then you can bore it."

The old parson turned round and looked at Bill, and said:

"Bill, there is something to be learned from almost any fool."

"Yes," replied Bill, "I thought so, Elder Stone, or there would not so many people go to hear you preach."

After the Dance.

CHARLES.

Tell me, Laura, why that sadness?
Tell me why that look of care?
Why has fled that look of gladness
That thy face was wont to wear?

LAURA.

Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble;
Well my face may wear a frown.
For I've lost my largest hair-pin,
And my chignon's coming down!

☞ AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT—That of the Siamese Twins.

DELICACY.

YOUNG SWELL.—"We won't go down Chestnut street, for I haven't paid my tailor his Christmas bill yet, and if he should see me he might feel embarrassed!"

Bought a Hole.

A miser, entering a drug-store one day, asked for beeswax. The clerk politely told him he had it on hand, at the same time showing him a cake of the article.

"How much will you have?" asked the clerk.

"Weigh the piece," replied the miser.

The clerk did so, announcing its weight, which did not amount to as much as the miser judged it would from its size. Thinking the clerk had certainly made a mistake, he said, eagerly—

"I'll take it all."

The piece was wrapped up, and the miser departed. Shortly afterward the purchaser re-entered the store. The attentive clerk immediately asked—

"Any thing more I can do for you, Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir," replied the miser; "that cake of wax I bought of you, on cutting it in two, I found to be perfectly hollow, and have come back to see whether you would make some allowance on that account."

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "if you will just apprise me of *the weight of the hole!* I will willingly knock it off the price."

The miser left, amidst a general titter, for the store happened to be full, and has not since been seen in that locality.

A HINT TO CONCERT-GOERS.—The story is told by the Philharmonic Journal, that during a concert in the Music Hall, recently, when the organist was "exhibiting the full power of the instrument," a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbor about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ, but "reckoned without her host" this time. The organist made a sudden transition from "ff" to "pianissimo," without giving the lady warning; consequently the audience were somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, that "We fried ours in butter!"

LOST AT SEA.—A boy on board an ocean steamer recently got up quite a panic among the passengers. He bolted suddenly into the cabin one morning before the passengers had fairly rubbed their eyes open, exclaiming:

"We are lost! lost!"

"Lost!" screamed out the whole of the passengers, in dismay.

"Yes, lost!" said the lad, astonished at the alarm he had created. "I know we are lost, because the captain's on top o' the house, and another man's up the mast, looking to see where we are."

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

"Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

"I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing day!

"Along the path of a useful life,
Will heart's ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

"I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerily learn to say—
'Head you may think, Heart you may feel,
But hand you shall work alway!'"

L. M. ALCOTT.

Social Fictions.

In social life, scarcely a day passes without some little fib being uttered. You present your compliments to some one with whom you are on the most unfriendly terms. You regret that you cannot go to a dinner which you gladly escape. You request the pleasure of company which you know to be disagreeable. There are moralists—I met the other day with a lecturer of the kind—to whom these phrases are so many falsehoods; yet without some such civility society could not exist. These phrases deceive nobody. No one expects me to black another man's shoes because I sign myself his obedient servant. No one cares to fathom the depth of my regret when I happen to be engaged elsewhere. In cases where the regret is most sincere, the value of the expression is not enhanced. When the regret does not exist at all, a substitution of the real feeling would be simply rudeness. Two opponents ending their letters, "Yours with the consideration you deserve," and "Yours with conventional courtesy," are not the most edifying sight, either in public life or private. Yet, if we once abandon our existing safeguards, we shall hardly stop short at this. What should be said to this, as a specimen of the Impolite Letter-writer?—"Sir, your impertinence in asking me to dinner, although you know that I should be certain to decline, has fortunately failed of its object. I am happy to say that I have accepted a much pleasanter invitation for the evening in question. I am, sir, yours contemptuously, John Smith." Or, if an invitation is wanted, take this: "Sir, I owe you a dinner, in return for the very bad one you gave me the other day. But as I always pay my debts in good money, I will show you that my cook is not a poisoner, and my wine-merchant does not keep either a druggist's or a greengrocer's shop, if you will come and dine on the —th instant. There will be some other people. Yours indifferently, John Brown." Let these samples inaugurate the reign of Truth.

THE KISS.

He took my hand; and holding it in his
As 'twere a thing unutterably dear,
Leant gravely o'er it, and impressed one kiss
Thrilling as altar fire upon it, here.

"This is the first one; when will be the last?"
He said, and gave me back imperialled so
This hand of mine enfranchised from the past,
And all the future with that gift aglow.

On my dead hand, dear, be the last one pressed;
Oh! not in earlier and more sad farewell;
For lifeless fingers by *your* lip caressed
Would flush with answering warmth I know full well. —*Celia Burleigh.*

☞ Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf get along admirably together.

AGRICULTURAL.

Healthfulness of Apples.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw, mellow apple, is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbages require five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute ripe, sound apples, for pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctor's bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a good stock of this wholesome fruit.

Cross-Cut Saw.

Ten years' experience in the use of cross-cut saws, has proved to me that I have been working under many disadvantages, until recently. My wish is for all to know the great advantage of a plan which I pursue. Take a new saw that has never been set, place it between two boards cut to fit the saw, clamp it tight on a bench or in a vice; take an iron wedge, file one corner to suit the set of the tooth when finished, then take a small hammer, hold the wedge with the left hand, strike the tooth lightly with the hammer until at the right place; then turn the wedge on the opposite side, and on the next tooth, and set it in the same way; now then you reach the third and most important tooth in the saw—leave it perfectly straight; pass on to the fourth tooth, set it as you did the first, turn the wedge, set fifth the other way; leave the sixth tooth straight; and so on until you finish.

Now take your file, dress the two teeth as you do the common saw; the third file perfectly straight and square—leaving it about one-twentieth part of one inch shorter than the others. Continue in that way until you finish, and you will find it will cut twice as fast as the old way practiced by most farmers.—*Southern Cultivator.*

The Small Fruits.

BY A. S. FULLER.

We gain knowledge in regard to the small fruits just in proportion to the number of careful experiments made with them, and as there are, at the present time at least, one hundred growers of the small fruits where there were ten five years ago, it must be apparent to all that we shall soon obtain sufficient information upon this subject—if we have not done so already—to enable us to avoid the mistakes made in former years. The adaptation of species and varieties to soil and climate is at present attracting some attention, but not so much as it deserves, for we are rapidly learning that specific or local information is more suitable to the wants of the people than that which is more general in its character. For instance, it was formerly supposed by most of our pomologists that latitude might be taken as a pretty safe guide for dividing the hardy and tender fruits. But the developments of the past few years have shown that the hardiness of many varieties is solely dependent upon their full and proper development. A plant may withstand, without injury, thirty degrees below zero in one soil or locality, and yet be destroyed at ten above zero in another. These facts are leading our fruit-growers to investigate more thoroughly this subject of adaptation of varieties and species to soil and climate. It is not to be supposed that we shall be able to make the orange or lemon so hardy that it will withstand our Northern winters, neither can we expect that our Northern species of fruits will flourish at the South; but we need further experiments and more thorough investigation into the causes of failures or successes of fruits when changed from one location to another. Nearly all the theories heretofore advanced in regard to the hardiness of certain varieties, or the amount of heat required to perfect certain fruits, are only partially true, and there are apparently so many exceptions to them that it appears to me that all need a thorough revision.

There is another point upon which we all need more light, and that is, the quality of the leaves of plants. I use the word quality in the same sense as we do when speaking of the fruit itself, referring to all of its merits combined. Our fruit-growers are paying more attention to the leaves of their plants than formerly, because they are learning their importance. For have we not found that some of our very best fruits fail in many localities, simply because their leaves will not resist the changes of climate? A raspberry or blackberry may produce ever so good fruit, but if the leaves are feeble, or deficient in size or quantity, then very little dependence can be placed upon the variety for cultivation, even in the most circumscribed localities.

The farther South we go, the more attention do we have to pay to the leaves of our small fruits, for every variety which does not produce leaves capable of withstanding a continued high temperature is sure to fail. Even no farther south than Maryland, many of our best Northern varieties of raspberries and strawberries will not succeed, because their leaves are destroyed by the long-continued heat of summer. In these instances soil may have a slight effect in retarding or hastening failure, but eventually it must come with all varieties that do not possess leaves adapted to the climate.—*American Horticultural Annual.*

SHALLOW TILLAGE FOR SWEET POTATOES.—The advocates of shallow ploughing have one handle to their arguments, and that is a sweet potato. It is stated that when the land is ploughed deep the tubers grow downward, and are long and slender; whereas, if the mould in which they are grown is mellow only to a slight depth, this downward tendency is checked, and the potato grows short and thick, a shape much preferred by marketmen and consumers.

RECEIPTS.

LAMB PIE.—Make it of the loin, neck, or breast, the stock of house-lamb is one of the most delicate things that can be eaten. It should be very lightly seasoned with pepper and salt; the bone taken out, but not the gristles; and a small quantity of jelly gravy be put in hot; but the pie should not be cut till cold. Put two spoonsful of water before baking. Grass-lamb makes an excellent pie, and may either be boned or not, but not to bone it is perhaps the best. Season with only pepper and salt; put two spoonsful of water before baking, and as much gravy when it comes from the oven. Most pies being fat, it is best to let out the gravy on one side, and put it in again by a funnel, at the centre, and a little may be added.

COTELETTES A LA BOURGEOISE.—Take six neck cutlets of veal, trim them neatly, and cut off the bone; put them into a frying-pan with a little butter, and let them brown; shake a little flour over them, and then moisten them with a little stock; add a bunch of fine herbs, some carrots, cut in forms, or scalloped, some small onions, mushrooms, salt, two cloves; when the cutlets are done enough dish them, and put the vegetables in the middle; skim the sauce, strain it, and pour the sauce over the cutlets. They must be well seasoned.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.—Tie up one pound and a half of the best American rice in a thick linen bag, allowing ample room to swell; boil it three or four hours until it becomes a smooth paste; mix this, while warm, with fourteen pounds of the best flour, adding the usual quantities of yeast and salt; allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves. The flour should be dusted in, and most vigorously kneaded. This quantity of flour and rice has produced twenty-six pounds and thirteen ounces of this excellent bread, which kept moist and sweet longer than that made by the ordinary process. This is the new French method.

TO BOIL EGGS.—The best way to boil eggs is to place them in cold water and set them over the fire. In this manner the centre of the egg will cook as soon as the outer part. If they are preferred soft, the water should not boil.

SPONGE CAKE.—This requires very fresh eggs; to the yolks of twelve eggs, beaten very lightly with a broad-bladed knife, add one pound of sugar; grate in one large sized fresh lemon (only the oily part of the rind, avoid the bitter, white skin), and stir this well. Whip the whites to a froth; stir in a half pound of sifted flour; add the whites last. Bake one hour. Sponge cake is much lighter if the eggs are beaten separately, and the flour and sugar sifted together, and the eggs added lastly: it is liable to be sticky in inexperienced hands if the yolks and sugar are mixed together.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 11, 10, 2, is a town in England where a college is situated.
My 3, 17, 29, 6, 5, 7, 23, is one of the Carribean islands.
My 4, 10, 26, 18, 12, 28, is a large manufacturing town in Massachusetts.
My 8, 26, 5, 14, 20, 29, 13, is a town in Wales.
My 9, 12, 18, 20, 17, is a cape on the coast of Ireland.
My 16, 2, 14, is the name of a river in Germany.
My 19, 23, 25, 17, 10, 24, 1, is the name of a group of isles in the Pacific.
My 22, 29, 18, 17, is a lake in British America.
My 30, 27, 4, is also a lake in British America.
My whole is what was once four distinct nations now under one government.

W. LEE.

Riddle.

My 1st is in death, but not in life,
My 2nd is in fork, but not in knife;
My 3rd is in music, but not in song,
My 4th is in night, but not in wrong;
My 5th is in bend, but not in break,
My 6th is in duck, but not in drake;
My 7th is in sadness, but not in mirth,
My 8th is in value, but not in worth;
My 9th is in mouth, but not in lip,
My 10th is in boat, but not in ship;
My 11th is in nine, but not in ten,
My 12th is in sparrow, but not in wren;
My 13th is in sycamore, but not in elm,
My 14th is in rudder, but not in helm;
My 15th is in months, but not in days,
My whole is a Latin phrase.

GRACIE G——.

Diophantine Problem.

How many terms of the series of natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., must be multiplied together to produce a square number?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Three cows are tied to three stakes, the stakes are standing in the form of an equilateral triangle 135 feet apart. Now what must be the length of a rope to fasten these cows, so that each one can graze just one acre?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Required four numbers in arithmetical progression, which being increased by 2, 4, 8, and 15 respectively, the sums shall be in geometrical progression.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a cook like a barber? Ans.—He dresses the *hair* (hare.)

☞ Why is thought like the sea? Ans.—It is *a notion* (an ocean.)

☞ When is a young lady like a part of a word? Ans.—When she is a silly belle (syllable.)

☞ When is iron like a band of robbers? Ans.—When it is united to steel.

☞ Which of Byron's poems is like a horse's mane? Ans.—The *Corsair*.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Dec. 12th.—81 acres. A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders. 159 4-19 acres.—W. J. Barrett.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date.—887 20-171 pounds.—W. H. Morrow, J. Steele, J. N. Soders, A. Knox, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. S. Phebus, and J. H. Drane.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Dec. 19th.—35.5 feet.—Artemas Martin, J. N. Soders. 2.145 plus rods.—J. M. Greenwood, and S. M. Pickler. 235.9869 feet.—W. J. Barrett. 38.119 plus feet.—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date.—$784.74 plus.—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. N. Soders. $800.—W. J. Barrett. $785.15625.—J. Steele. $786.885 plus.—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of same date.—25.4 inches.—H. R. Spink, J. S. Phebus, W. J. Barrett. 4.2420468.—J. M. Greenwood, and S. M. Pickler. 25.55 plus inches.—J. Steele.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Dec. 26th.—1-11.—A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler. 1-253.—J. N. Soders.

The Prize Volume.

Mrs. H. Hogeboom, who won the Conundrum Prize, writes as follows:—

New Lebanon, Ill., Feb. 17, 1869.

Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.—I have received the beautiful volume of WAVERLEY novels sent by *you*; for which accept my thanks. From your modest offer of a prize, I had not expected anything that could give me so much pleasure. Respectfully yours, MRS. H. HOGEBOOM.

GINGERBREAD LOAF, TO BE EATEN WITH BUTTER, IF LIKED.—Stir a cupful of melted butter into two cupfuls of molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon, sift some flour, and stir in just enough to make a stiff batter; dissolve a small piece of alum, the size of a kidney-bean, in a half cupful of water, stir it in, and then add more flour. Put as much flour as will make a dough nearly stiff enough to roll out on a board; have your tin-pans (they are like bread-tins) buttered, and your oven quite ready; mix a heaping (this means very full) teaspoonful of soda with half a cup of boiling water, and stir all up quickly; put the cakes in the oven at once, and use them when quite fresh. They should be brushed over with syrup when taken out of the oven.

BREAD PUDDING.—Soak a five-penny loaf in milk for ten minutes. Squeeze the milk out by hand, put the bread in a bowl, and mix in four yolks of eggs, then four ounces of raisins. Beat the four whites to a stiff paste, and mix it with the rest. Grease a mould with butter, and fill it two-thirds with bread. Set the mould into boiling water for twelve minutes. Set it in the oven and bake.